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THE WAR AGAINST WAR

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NO thoughtful student of history will question the fact, that while it has more often hindered, war sometimes, as the lesser of two evils, has helped world progress. This, however, does not invalidate in the least the larger truth, that war is radically at variance with the characteristic ideals of civilization in education and literature, art and science, religion and social amelioration. And yet, even now, notwithstanding this sharp antagonism, war is apparently as firmly intrenched as ever in the policies and practices of nations. Once content to range the earth's surface only, it has now extended its operations to the upper air and the depths of the sea. It has drafted into service all the manifold resources of inventive genius, so that now the machinery of warfare has attained a perfection, variety and destructiveness utterly astounding. War and its partner, militarism, have multiplied financial burdens, until in recent years the nations have been spending more than one-third of their annual revenues upon armaments; and including the interest on national debts incurred in former wars and totalling nearly thirty billions of dollars, at least two-thirds of Government incomes have been poured every year into the insatiable maw of wars past, present and prospective.

Since the dawn of the Twentieth Century there have been six wars, including that now in progress. First came the Boer War (1899-1902) costing Great Britain at least one billion dollars and both sides almost one hundred thousand lives. Coincident with this was the war (1899-1902) waged by the United States, to enforce the quitclaim deed to the Philippine Islands, which Spain, unable to deliver the goods, gave this

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country for the sum of twenty millions of dollars. This with the Spanish War, of which it was the sequel, cost the United States alone at least four hundred and fifty millions in money and all the parties concerned not far from one hundred thousand lives. Then followed (1904-1905) the Russo-Japanese War with an expenditure of money amounting to two and one quarter billions and of more than three hundred thousand lives. In 1911-12 occurred the war between Italy and Turkey, costing the former at least one hundred and fifty millions, with a loss of life numbering many thousands. Hard upon the heels of this war of conquest came the Balkan struggles of 1912-13, whose savageries should have nauseated the civilized world—if anything could. Hundreds of millions were spent by the five nations involved and at least a third of a million lives sacrificed, while the seeds of future wars were sown broadcast. The cost of all these wars totals fully one million lives and at least four billions in money, besides the enormous and widespread economic damage, which cannot be measured in dollars. And now virtually all Europe is engaged in a struggle which in the nations involved, the number of combatants, the enginery of warfare, the treasure expended, the loss of life, the desolation wrought, and in its social and economic effects the world over, will far eclipse any war that history tells about. Truly a most dismal and depressing record for the first fifteen years of the Twentieth Century!

All this has happened in spite of the Peace Movement, in spite of the hundreds of peace societies that have been organized throughout the civilized world during the last hundred years, in spite of the thirty International Peace Congresses held in the last seventy-five years, the eighteen Conferences of the Interparliamentary Union during the last quarter of a century, the Peace Bureaus and the liberally endowed Foundations for the furtherance of the movement, and in spite of the two Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907 at The Hague.

Does this recrudescence of war and militarism discredit the Peace Movement and prove its futility? In a recent book—*America and the World War*—we find this sweeping assertion: "All the actions of the ultra-pacifists for a generation past, all

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their peace congresses and peace conventions have amounted to precisely and exactly nothing, in advancing the cause of peace." Like many other statements of the author, who by temperament is inclined to unqualified, exaggerated assertion, this plausible averment will be accepted at the Bank of Truth only at a heavy discount from its face value. It is altogether premature to dismiss the Peace Movement so cavalierly. Lack of immediate success in the face of tremendous obstacles is no discredit to a movement based upon righteousness and justice, and reflecting the spirit and principles of Christianity itself and, therefore, destined ultimately to prevail. A generation is too short to effect decisive results. Whatever the movement may have failed to accomplish, it has, at least, done much to educate and quicken public opinion, at whose bar the belligerents have felt obliged, as never before, to justify themselves. And this same sensitized public opinion will, at the end, hold those who precipitated the conflict to a rigid accounting.

It is true that this organized agitation has made little impression upon those who have in their hands the issue of peace or war. But it should be remembered that as yet the number of those positively enlisted in the Peace Movement is comparatively insignificant; and few or none of them are in a position to have any direct influence in shaping policies of state. The war lords of Europe and the militaristic school of statesmen regard them as well-meaning, unpractical and quite harmless theorists, who may be permitted to meet and talk and resolve, but whose talk and resolves count for little or nothing in the face of what these war lords and statesmen falsely call the inexorable necessities of national ambitions, racial antagonisms and commercial rivalries.

Opinions even more denunciatory concerning those active in the Peace Movement are expressed here in America. For years before the Civil War, anti-slavery men who had the courage of their convictions had to meet misrepresentation and detraction. So now the outspoken opponents of war and militarism are stigmatized, even in influential quarters, as "Little Americans," "unpatriotic" and "peace-at-any-price" men. One of our most strenuous apostles of military and naval expansion

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has repeatedly attacked them as "the hysterical sentimentalists of peace," as "exalting unrighteous peace as better than righteous war," as "obsessed with the idea of obtaining universal peace by some cheap, patent panacea," as "amiable, fatuous persons, who pass resolutions demanding universal arbitration for everything and the disarmament of the free, civilized Powers; or else write well-meaning, solemn little books, or pamphlets, or editorials, or articles in magazines or newspapers, to show that it is an 'illusion' to believe that war ever pays, because it is expensive." "They are not all timid men," he continues, "but are usually men of soft life; and they rarely possess a high sense of honor or a keen patriotism; but if trouble comes, they will stay at home in safety and leave brave men to pay in blood and honest men to pay in shame for their folly." "There is no more utterly useless and often utterly mischievous citizen than the peace-at-any-price, universal arbitration type of being."

One reads this hysterical diatribe with mingled feelings of amusement over its unconscious humor and of surprise, that any person professing to be a serious student of one of the gravest questions of our time—the question of peace *versus* war—should permit himself to indulge in such aspersions upon men who are conscientiously seeking a solution of the problem,—men, every whit as thoughtful, as high-minded, as honorable, as self-sacrificing, as patriotic, as any of their critics and defamers. When—as sooner or later it will—war meets the fate of slavery (a fellow relic of barbarism) those who now defend it and clamor for armaments and scoff at and denounce pacifism and the pacifists, will be assigned their appropriate place, by the side of the champions of slavery, as the discredited partisans of a system condemned by the conscience of the world.

That the Peace Movement has thus far effected so little for the suppression of war and militarism is neither surprising nor discouraging. As a movement it is still in its infancy, while the institution which it is combatting has existed time out of mind. War will die hard, so deeply is it ingrained in human nature, so firmly imbedded in the policies of nations. But die it will, perhaps at the last, like slavery, by its own hand. The

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special agencies working for peace have made an important and encouraging beginning, but only a beginning. As yet they have only scratched the surface; not yet have they ploughed into the deep subsoil; they have not yet profoundly stirred the conscience of universal humanity. If war is to be ended, there are certain unused forces that must be organized and brought into action, forces which hitherto have taken no united, concerted part in a nation-wide, world-wide campaign against war and militarism.

First, there is the Christian Church, with its millions of officials and a membership of hundreds of millions, and with its elaborate organizations throughout Europe and America. What a tremendous power here, if enlisted as a body in the service of any great cause! But one of the most remarkable facts of the last nineteen centuries—remarkable, because so inconsistent with the fundamental spirit and principles of Christianity—is the failure of the Christian Church, either as a whole or in its constituent parts, to take a firm and effective stand in the war against war. As the representative on earth of the Prince of Peace, the Church should have been war's most active and determined foe. If it had been, war in so-called Christian countries would have received its death sentence. Sometimes it has countenanced war as a means to propagate the "Faith"; and as Sir Henry Maine observes: "The wars of religion have been among the most ferocious mankind has waged." The close union of Church and State throughout Europe has given the former ample opportunity to influence the State. In mediæval times the State was primarily a clerical, not a political, institution. The Church had absolute power over the State. But one would have to search long and diligently to find an instance where the Church has used its opportunity and power for the prevention of war. Its alliance with the State has made it responsible—at least in part—for the wars which have distressed the civilized world for centuries past. Governments have sought, with quite too much success, the favor of the Church for their war policies. At the time of the Crimean War, which, by the way, "has been condemned by the mature judgment of all subsequent commentators," John Bright charged the Ministry with "securing the coöperation of the State Church and thus attempt-

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ing to obtain the concurrence and sympathy of the religious public for their wicked policy."

In any of the more than thirty wars—at least two-thirds of them wars of conquest and aggression—waged by Russia during the last two centuries, has the Greek Church ever thrown its influence into the scales on the side of peace? The present conflict in Europe weighed so heavily upon the mind and heart of the late Roman Pontiff that not improbably it hastened his death. But suppose that in all the Christian centuries the Popes and their constituency of cardinals, archbishops, bishops and clergy and millions on millions of the laity, all associated together in powerful State Churches, had taken their stand for the brotherhood of men and nations, for international justice and good-will, and against the spirit of war and the madness of militarism, is it unreasonable to believe that many a war, including the present, would have been averted?

Protestantism everywhere has been hardly less inactive. Only recently have the Protestant Churches been awakening from their apathy. From the time of George Fox and William Penn, the Society of Friends has borne consistent, emphatic and unanimous testimony for peace and against war. Can this be said of any other denomination of Christians? How few have taken an active interest in the Peace Movement! Many look upon the question of peace or war as a purely political problem, with which the Church has nothing to do; while some boldly justify war, as did a certain bishop not long ago at the annual convention of his Church, when resolutions were under discussion indorsing international arbitration. "Without war," said he, "a nation would degenerate, would become effeminate morally and physically. One of our names for God is the Lord of Hosts; and the inspired Scriptures tell us how the Lord of Hosts led his people to battle. The profession of a Christian is that of a soldier to fight under the banner of Christ." Would the good bishop have the soldier of the Prince of Peace omit from the roster of his foes one of the greatest evils that have afflicted mankind? Does he believe that the Prince of Peace, were he now on earth, would be neutral and indifferent in the war against war? Some even defend war on the ground that the Almighty

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himself has made it a part of the system of things and without it the heroic quality in man would become atrophied for lack of opportunity.

How strangely reminiscent of the days of slavery! A few boldly championed the right of the slave to his freedom; others defended slavery as a divine and beneficent institution, quoting Scripture to support their contention; while the majority frowned upon all agitation, or kept silence, apparently afraid to pronounce against it, or regarding it as no concern of theirs. At last the sword cut the Gordian knot, which Christianity might and should have untied without the intervention of arms.

The world has had to wait nineteen hundred years since the birth of Christ for its first International Church Peace Conference, appointed to meet at Constance, Switzerland, on August 2, 1914. At that very moment, in grim sarcasm, the nations of Europe were mobilizing their armies for the most terrible conflict of all the ages and invoking the blessing of High Heaven. As was the case with slavery, has the failure of Christianity to extirpate war left that result to be accomplished by the cataclysmic struggle now in progress?

In explanation or defence of this failure, it has been urged that "the Christian religion is an individualistic religion and has never had for its object the improvement of political and social conditions." Is not this a very narrow conception of the scope of Christianity, as if the renewal of the individual and the renewal of society did not belong together, to go forward hand in hand? Primarily it may be individualistic; at the same time its province is coëxtensive with all the interests of the individual and of mankind as a whole. Nothing human (*humani nihil*) is foreign to the sphere of Christian influence. The coming of the Kingdom of God among men—that sublime ideal of the Christian dispensation—means social, as well as personal, regeneration. That the war spirit is still as rampant as ever is not due to any lack of inherent power in Christianity to dispel it, but to the failure of the Church to apply this power. The truth is—and it may as well be squarely faced—Christianity, while it has regenerated not a few individuals, has not yet regenerated nations; it has not yet exorcised the spirit of jealousy,

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suspicion and revenge, of selfish greed and unholy ambition, of disregard for solemn treaty obligations, of wanton aggression and militant imperialism, which have been the primary causes of war. And why not? Because the Church has never marshalled its forces for a united and aggressive assault upon these causes, and because so many of the professed followers of Christianity in high places and low have proved false to its principles and ideals.

Virtually unused hitherto, this mighty force should now be mobilized for a crusade against war. Of happy augury is the Church Peace Union recently endowed by Mr. Carnegie for the purpose of bringing together the religious forces of every name and nation in this preëminently Christian cause. As the American delegates to the first International Conference of the Church Peace Union said in their London declaration of August 5, 1914: "The time for men to prevent war is not when events are culminating, but far, far back, at the springs of human conduct, individual, national and international."

The abolition of war is a question of vital moment to womanhood. War is cruelty for man; for woman it is the refinement of cruelty. This thought was uppermost in General Sherman's mind, when he summed up the horrors of war in language none too emphatic to unmask its true character. Though only half of the human race, women have borne with amazing fortitude, and quiet, uncomplaining endurance, more than half of war's heaviest burdens and most poignant sufferings and sorrows. And yet nowhere have the women of any nation risen up in united protest against it. Here and there a few like the Baroness Bertha von Suttner and Julia Ward Howe have spared neither voice nor pen in denouncing war and calling upon the nations to lay down their arms. In every civilized nation women have been organizing more and more for the advancement and conservation of their own interests and those of society at large. These organizations should be made effective agencies in the war against war. Woman suffrage would justify itself, if it succeeded in rallying the forces of womanhood for the maintenance of peace. Here is a power whose potency has never been put to the test. The Peace Movement should address its

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appeal to universal womanhood; not only to women of intellect and education, but also to women of all classes and conditions everywhere. Women united for peace and good-will throughout the world would be an irresistible influence.

The interests of the working people of all countries are wrapped up in the preservation of peace. Time out of mind the working classes have borne the brunt of battle. They have furnished the food for whatever implements of destruction have chanced to be in vogue. They are allowed no voice; to the front they must go, to be mowed down by the most destructive weapons ingenuity can devise; and with no more comprehension of the issues at stake than Robert Southey's "Old Caspar" of Blenheim, who when Peterkin and little Wilhelmine insisted upon knowing "what 'twas all about" and "what they killed each other for"? could only answer:

> "Why, that I cannot tell;
> But 'twas a famous victory."

As Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh discourses in *Sartor Resartus:* "Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of brisk, useful craftsmen the world has dead carcasses, which it must bury and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest. They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers. Nay, in so wide a universe there was even unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their governors had fallen out and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot. What devilry soever the kings do, the Greeks (the toilers) must pay the piper."

Why the workers of the world have so long and so tamely submitted, with never a protest, is one of those enigmas that baffle explanation. But the workingman is just beginning to awake from this stupid acquiescence. The feeling is slowly coming over him that he has been victimized long enough by the arbiters of war. He is beginning to get an inkling of his own power and opportunity, in the complex organization of modern civiliza-

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tion, to turn topsy-turvy the best laid schemes of the war lords and the sacred hierarchy of militarists.

One of the cardinal doctrines of Socialism is "Down with War!" To this end it seeks to bring about a better understanding between the working people of different nations. It would cultivate the spirit of international brotherhood and bring the common people—men and women—of all nations to see eye to eye and take united action upon those questions which intimately concern their interests. Socialism stands for the adjustment of international difficulties by peaceful means, and against the militarism and imperialism which are the curse of our time. So opposed are they to war, that many Socialists, perhaps a majority, favor such extreme measures as refusal to serve, or even revolution, when war is imminent. In order to paralyze Governments, they would order a general strike of the workers on railways, in the metal trades and other industries essential to its prosecution. But the working classes are far from being sufficiently aroused and organized to wield such a weapon with the promptness and unanimity necessary to success. As yet, organized Socialism is hardly numerous enough to exert any decisive influence for the prevention of war. It has not been able to stem the tide of intense nationalism, to which the militarists appeal so artfully, or to defy the repressive measures of arbitrary power. In Germany the Social Democrats number four and a quarter millions of voters, represented in the Reichstag by more than one hundred deputies, a much smaller representation relatively than the size of the party should command. For the most part, though unsuccessfully, they have consistently opposed aggressive war and military appropriations, other than for the national defence. In the Republic of France, where the Government is responsive to public opinion, there are large and active Socialist and other "groups" of varying shades and degrees of radicalism, with a membership of several hundreds in the Chamber of Deputies, of whom the late Jean Jaurès was the most distinguished and powerful leader. On several occasions this element has demonstrated its possibilities as a means of unifying the masses in any cause which especially concerns their welfare. In other countries, except, perhaps, Italy, Socialism has not yet secured a sufficient fol-

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lowing to have any appreciable influence upon national policies.

Whatever may be thought of the more radical proposals of their anti-war programme, the Socialists have taken hold of the problem at the right end, namely, the enlistment of the workers of the world in the war against war. The Peace Movement should avail itself of the great principle of the solidarity of the working classes of all nations, their community of interest in the preservation of universal peace. Hitherto the methods of the peace propaganda have been, perhaps, too academic. Peace organizations have confined their appeal too exclusively to the intellectual and professional classes. A campaign of education is needed among the working people of the world. The day is not far off when this powerful force, hitherto unused, will align itself everywhere for the extinction of war. At their annual convention held in November, 1914, the American Federation of Labor, representing a constituency of several millions, adopted a resolution to convene a general labor congress at the same time and place with the peace conferences that will follow, when the present war has been fought to a finish. Such a congress, composed of representatives of the toiling masses of all nations, should make the influence of Labor effective for permanent peace and the restriction of armaments to the simple needs of an international police.

For obvious reasons, modern warfare has become more and more costly. It has been estimated that the combined expenditures of the Powers involved in the present European war will amount in one year to fifteen billions of dollars, a not unreasonable figure. Militarism and war have found their strongest bulwark among the money bags. No nation can finance a great war without calling upon the moneyed interests for help. The enormous national debts accumulated from past wars represent for the most part money loaned by the great banking houses of the world. Let these refuse to lend or to float loans for war purposes, and great wars would become impossible. It is stated on what seems to be good authority, that in 1905, when Germany was on the point of mobilizing against France in the quarrel over Morocco, the financial powers of Paris and London interposed and the affair was temporarily adjusted. And again, at the re-

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currence of the Moroccan crisis in 1911, the bankers of Paris, London and New York called their German loans and further declined to lend for war purposes. Unable to command the necessary funds, Germany had to postpone war until a more convenient season. This chapter of recent history indicates the significant rôle which the financial powers of the world can and should play in the service of world peace. Loans for war purposes, including vast armaments, may bring in large returns; but in the end, through the widespread economic damage of war, the financial and business interests of the world have to pay a heavy toll of loss, that far more than balances any temporary gain. War squanders national wealth, paralyzes industry, disorganizes trade, and, if on a large scale, administers an earthquake shock to the entire financial fabric of the civilized world. Is it not high time for the business forces of the world to unite in demanding that international disagreements be settled by negotiation or arbitration? Hitherto they have rarely, if ever, used their power to restrain the war policies of nations, or to check the craze for enormous armaments. Why should they allow the peace to be disturbed and the machinery of the world's work to be put out of gear at the will or ambition of some "divine-right" autocrat, some "blood-and-iron" statesman, or the professional militarists? Let business men and financiers everywhere stand shoulder to shoulder for peace and against militarism, and the recurrence of war, at least between civilized nations, would be made impossible.

Through the media of history and geography, school education everywhere has a unique opportunity to help forward the cause of world peace. It is a part of the ethical function of the school to cultivate intelligent, rational ideas concerning war and peace and the interrelations of the peoples of the earth. Nowhere has any systematic use been made of education for this purpose. If the school has not directly encouraged, it has done very little to counteract, the narrow, prejudiced, conceited, chauvinistic type of patriotism, so common in all countries. Many an American has never recovered from the Anglophobia he imbibed from history as taught in his school days.

In the first century of the Christian era was announced the

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fundamental principle of international comity—a new principle it was then—that God "made of one every nation of men for to dwell upon all the face of the earth," and that "all"—nations as well as individuals—"are members one of another." This meant opportunity for each to develop freely and naturally, mutual respect and good-will, recognition by all of the rights of each, international justice and peace, friendly coöperation and generous rivalry. In a word, it meant the brotherhood of nations. It is this conception of the nations as a great community or fellowship, bound together by ties of mutual interest and appreciation, that education should seek to realize. It should so interpret history and geography as to bring about a better understanding of national character, ideals and achievements. The nations need only to know one another better, to appreciate and esteem each other more. The atmosphere of mutual suspicion and distrust, which has been the chief source of war and militarism, would then disappear, and disagreements would be settled amicably.

In these days, when all the world is our neighbor as never before, men are not only citizens, each of his own country, but in an important sense citizens also of the world. Education should educate for world, as well as for national, citizenship. The true world citizen will not love his own country less—he will love it more; but he will acquaint himself with other peoples and try to comprehend them and appreciate the fine qualities inherent in every nationality.

Education should take its stand for the brotherhood of nations, for the Golden Rule in international relations, for fair dealing and scrupulous respect for the rights of others, for the arbitration of all disputes that cannot be settled by mutual agreement, and for national self-control in times of international friction. It should make plain the true character of war and the reasons, moral and economic, for its abolition, and should insist that war ought never to be undertaken, except for reasons that will bear the closest scrutiny and approve themselves to the conscience of the world. The school should also bring out in strong relief the victories and victors of peace, her examples of civic virtue, heroism and achievement, too long overshadowed in the popular mind

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by the heroes and heroisms of the battlefield. Working along these lines, education would be a most effective ally in the war against war.

An English historian of "The Modern World" since the fall of Napoleon makes the somewhat cryptic assertion that "No war is inevitable." This is true in the sense (probably intended by the author) that every international dispute is in itself susceptible of honorable adjustment by negotiation or arbitration, without recourse to arms. "Wars," he affirms, "are brought about partly by national passions and partly by the ambitions and follies of statesmen, who for their own purposes fan a spark into a flame and excite feelings of enmity and rivalry between communities—passions which soon pass beyond their control." If in any instance war seems inevitable, it is made so by the perversity, the arrogant obstinacy of one party or the other in refusing to allow time for negotiation. It becomes inevitable, when one nation is wantonly attacked by another, or when demands so unreasonable, exorbitant and peremptory are insisted upon, that no self-respecting people, jealous of its rights and autonomy, can entertain them for a moment. The imbroglio between Austria and Serbia was in itself amenable to diplomatic settlement. But the ultimatum of the former left no opportunity for parleying. Then followed, with reckless abandon, the ultimatums of Germany to Russia and Belgium and, virtually, to France and England. Negotiation, *ipso facto,* was precluded, and war became inevitable. History abounds in international controversies which eventuated in war, not because they were incapable of a peaceful solution honorable to both nations, but because one or the other would not listen to reason or justice, and thus made war unavoidable.

Under conditions as they have been and are to-day—conditions of mutual misunderstanding, suspicion and distrust, of racial antipathies, of passions easily played upon by the unscrupulous, of infatuation for prodigious armaments, of national policies largely controlled by the military caste and inspired by the principle that might makes right, and of inordinate ambition for world-power regardless of the means by which it may be attained —under such conditions wars will be certain to occur. But when

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the unused moral forces of the world are lined up in full strength side by side in the war against war, the conditions and influences which in the past have made wars inevitable will cease to operate. A better understanding between nations will be established; mutual respect and confidence will take the place of suspicion; a sense of their community of interests will dissipate racial hatreds; self-control will hold passion in check; nations will cease to waste their resources upon huge armaments and will seek world-influence, world-power through the operation of moral and spiritual forces. Patriotism will then be no blind passion rushing whole peoples into war regardless of the real merits of the quarrel. Its motto will be the fine sentiment of that distinguished German-American, Carl Schurz: "My country, right or wrong; when right, to keep her right; when wrong, to put her right."

"In time of peace prepare for war" has long been the favorite slogan of the militarists, which they have dinned in the ears of the world, until it has been deceived into adopting a policy that for years has kept Europe in a nightmare of apprehension, resulting at last in a war of continental proportions. "In time of peace *prepare for peace*" should be the watchword of all the moral forces of civilization—the churches, the school and college, the womanhood of the world, the working classes, and the business and financial interests of all nations.

In recognition of his services at The Hague Peace Conference of 1907, the French Interparliamentary Arbitration Group presented M. Léon Bourgeois with a bronze statue by Rodin, symbolizing "The Awakening of Humanity." Reviewing the history of the conference, M. Bourgeois said, in accepting the gift: "Let the sceptics laugh; but we who labored at The Hague as faithful servitors of justice can bear testimony that we heard in the Hall of Knights the whisperings of the Universal Conscience, the first slow but regular and distinct beatings of the Heart of Humanity." It remains for the moral forces of the world—hitherto so little used—to swell into trumpet tones these whisperings of the Universal Conscience and move the great Heart of Humanity to beat fast and strong for peace and good-will among men and nations.

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CONCERNING FATHERLANDS

ELMER DAVIS

"WAS ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"

Such was the question asked by Ernst Moritz Arndt in the days when the German states were all allied with or subjected to Napoleon; and after research he answered it with the declaration that

> " So weit die Deutsche Zunge klingt,
> Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt,
> Das soll es sein! "

Which in a time when the world knew not Milwaukee and Sao Paulo was on the whole a very satisfactory definition.

But the question was recalled to me last week when I perceived a friend of mine, a man born and brought up in Cincinnati, whose parents were born and brought up in Cincinnati, wearing an iron ring with the date " 1914 " and the inscription:

> " Dem alten Vaterland
> Die Treue zu beweisen,
> Gab ich in schwerer zeit
> Ihm Gold fuer dieses Eisen."

And thereupon I asked my soul, "What is the German-American's Fatherland?" For since the first day of August the German-Americans have stood together with a marvellous single-heartedness. Almost have they been more German than the Kaiser; certainly, in their *apologias* for the Belgian affair, many of them have been more German than the Imperial Chancellor, who candidly explained that " Wir muessen uns einen Weg durchhauen." So nobly have they supported the German cause, indeed, that outsiders have sometimes observed, ill-naturedly enough, that these States seemed to them little more than a step-fatherland; and it was to refute this slander, no less than to explain the iron ring, that I commenced my inquiry.

For, though my name belies me, I am a German-American; but I am a German American, and not one of those whom the

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forthright Bernhardi calls the American Germans. Moreover, I am neutral; and not with the pallid neutrality of him who cares not, so long as his own interests are safe, or the dolorous neutrality of him who can see nothing but weeping and gnashing of teeth in the whole insane turmoil; but neutral with the bitter, the soul-searing neutrality of the man whose reason tells him one thing while his emotions cry out the other. Through all the tangle of plots and counterplots, conflicting national aspirations and interests, I think I can see a heavy majority of valid arguments in favor of the Allies; and yet I feel no joy over their successes. I love Paris, I suppose, as much as any American—which is to say, a little more, perhaps, than any Frenchman; yet when von Kluck swept on from Mons to Lille, and St. Quentin, and Compiègne, and Senlis, my blood boiled up and sang. Tannenberg and Coronel were to me personal triumphs; though I knew, all the time, that my enthusiasm must be repented in the chill, grey and logical dawn of the morning after. My reason, to be sure, might by this time have overcome its antagonist were it not for the vaporings of certain English—and earlier in the war certain Belgian—war correspondents, and the vindictive remarks of a few—providentially only a minority—of England's apologists; but I hold that if they would but keep silence their case would speak for itself, and loudly enough to be heard the world over. In all of which, I need hardly say, I am anathema to my kinsmen, the German-Americans, who stand up manfully for the Fatherland.

So I am driven to try to prove that it is not their Fatherland, nor mine, but akin to us only by a certain collateral relationship. First, however, it should be said that there seems no convincing reason to doubt the ultimate loyalty of practically all the German-Americans to the United States. Particularly is this so in their great stronghold, the Middle West, where they have now been settled some six decades, and have waxed fat and prospered. Many of the New York Germans are of a later vintage, and almost all of them, being New Yorkers, are to a certain extent sicklied o'er with the pale cast of European thought. But in the Middle West at least there could hardly be found a German-American who would not say Amen to the solemn declaration

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of the New Yorker, Herman Ridder, that should the day come when the Germans in America must decide between their old and their new home, they would to a man be loyal to the country in which they now live.

And yet, since there has been as yet no German-American Joshua to bid them choose this day whom they will serve, it is small wonder that most of them, following the hasty counsel of the heart rather than the unwelcome advice of the head, should have rushed headlong into the uncompromising defence of a thing alien to them, which they do not understand—a thing obscured and indeed transmuted by their own idealism. For the Fatherland for which the German-American hurrahs and argues and spends his money and his prayers is a No Man's Land, a Utopia, existent only in his own fantastic dreams.

We have heard much, in these recent months, of the land of Goethe and Schiller—anon proudly spoken, anon with derision. The Germany of Goethe and Schiller, and of Stein and Scharnhorst and Koerner and Marshal Vorwaerts, might perhaps be called the grandfather of the Germany of to-day—a fine old man, hardly aware of the great inheritance that might be his; an old man of wonderful capacity which was but badly developed.

Now this ancient had two sons; whereof the one, a liberal, dreamed of improving himself and fulfilling certain ideals of the spirit, the while the other, harder and more practical, bethought him how he might redeem the lost inheritance of the house. It came to a strife between them; and the practical son prevailing, the other was left to wander in strange lands and in time to settle there. The younger son drove his way through by blood and iron; and of his marriage late in life is born the Germany of William the Second. But of this my fellow German-Americans will hear nothing.

Perhaps, indeed, it may be set forth more concretely. The Germans who came to the Middle West in the 'fifties were moved by divers reasons. The best of them were the men of '48—the intellectuals and liberals whose dreams had gone down before the musketry of Serenissimus, and who hoped to find in a new country a place where they might build a new home for their spirits. There were besides town dwellers who wanted to

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evade military service, and peasants who wanted to be something more than peasants; but all of them, the men of '48 and those whose motives were more material, were getting away from the practical, military Germany that was being made out of the land of Goethe and Schiller by the party whose ideals had prevailed. Moreover, the Prussians among them were relatively few. My grandfather was a Prussian, whose brother had fallen at his side on the Berlin barricades. Need I add that he never returned to Prussia? But in the main the German-Americans of the Middle West are descended from South Germans of the first half of the nineteenth century, than which no type more different from the conquering Prussian of 1914 has ever lived upon this earth.

And here is the very reason why their sons are so headlong in their allegiance to the Germany of William the Second. They were idealists, those men—sentimentalists, even. And their sons have so idealized the Germany builded by the men who drove them out that they think it is the same sort of Germany that their defeated and exiled fathers would have built had their dreams reached fruition.

The typical South German of those days was Viktor Scheffel—the melancholy yet genial singer of Heidelberg. Perhaps Heine was a type, too; but they would not have known Wedekind, and in actual fact they would have none of Treitschke. A still better type, perhaps, is that character of Scheffel's whom Scheffel loved—Hiddigeigei, the chivalrous, humorous, sentimental and philosophical tomcat.

> "Hiddigeigei haelt durch strengen
> Wandel rein sich das Gewissen.
> Doch er drueckt ein Auge zu, wenn
> Sich die Nebenkatzen kuessen."

There you have the tolerant South German with his zeal for personal liberty—the man who in America furnishes the solid backbone of the resistance to militant censors of the people's habits, and who in Germany has hardly been reconciled by a long course of Prussianization to the mystic phrase, "Polizeilich verboten." Liberty and comfort, peace and quiet—freedom to manage their own affairs, and a little music and a glass of beer

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when the day's work was over—it was not much that the ancestors of the German-Americans asked. But they had to come to the Ohio Valley to get it. The Germany they were trying to create was mortally wounded in 1848, and died when Bismarck became the helmsman of Prussia. 1864 and 1866 and 1870 were great years, but they belong to the history of another people—to the life story of the son who stayed at home.

And so our South Germans and our Prussian liberals came to the Middle West and prospered; and as they prospered they built up a sentimental memory, a mental picture, of the country that had cast them forth. It had been made great and rich and prosperous by blood and iron, and they rejoiced in its greatness and wealth and prosperity. But when they thought of it they thought of a great and rich and prosperous country such as they would have built up had they prevailed in '48—a Germany fertile as the Ohio Valley, strong as the victorious nation of 1870, where taxes were light and police unobtrusive; where a man was free and a voter whose vote counted; where the cities were governed as well as the cities of Germany actually were governed, but were as free of restrictions as Cincinnati and St. Louis. This is the Fatherland they built in their dreams—the Fatherland for which the German-Americans of to-day are fighting manfully; and it has all of the virtues and none of the faults of the real Germany of Bismarck and William the Second, and all of the virtues and none of the faults of the new Germany of Milwaukee and Cincinnati and Chicago. It is a house not made with hands; as Plato puts it, an example in the heavens.

It will be objected, however, that as the German-Americans achieved prosperity they and their sons returned to the Fatherland for long and frequent visits; that they know it through and through, or should know it at all events. True it is that they have travelled much in Germany; and some of them, at least, have been sadly disillusioned. I speak, perhaps, for myself alone; yet not quite, for I have known other German-Americans, and not a few, who agree with me that the Fatherland is a great country, but that it does not wear well.

Certainly the first sentiment of the returning German-American, in the years that preceded this war, was that he had come

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home after long and weary wandering. Here is the country of which he has heard wondrous stories from his youth up—the Fatherland! He finds it spick-and-span and wondrously good to look at. If he comes direct from another European land, the friendliness and good cheer of its people stir him like a warm drink, and he agrees with the Arab romancer that "there is no country like our country; and its inhabitants and people are a good people, with comely faces." He finds, moreover, that the legends of their marvellous efficiency are true. And Germany itself, with its cities, he must love. Berlin and Cologne, Leipzig and Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Dresden, Nuernberg—Munich, best, perhaps, of all—he loves them with a love that nothing can ever efface and that in this year of 1915 chills him clear through at the thought that this Fatherland may presently be at the mercy of the Cossacks and the Senegalese.

But in time the polish begins to wear off. Upon closer inspection there appear spots upon the apparently speckless idol. Perhaps the first disillusionment comes in the constant police surveillance, the ubiquitous network of petty rules. Discouraging, too, to the conscientious German-American to find that "Amerikanismus" is the generic word for everything that is crass and offensive; that we are universally known as a race of "Dollarjaeger"; that the general popular dislike and misunderstanding that Americans encounter everywhere in Europe has a wider acceptance among the educated classes in Germany—I was about to say than in any other country of the Old World. Perhaps this is too much; but certainly there was, before the war made our friendship valuable, far less understanding of Americans and liking for America in Germany than in the perfidious Albion whose quarrels with this country the German-American press will not allow to be forgotten. And when your German-American finds that instead of being praised by Germans for his enthusiastic loyalty to his Fatherland he is rebuked and despised for his failure to force the German language and the Bismarckian ideal upon the United States, he is indeed a sentimentalist if he does not stop, look, and listen.

And then he will find that their spirits are hard. Scheffel is not Treitschke, nor is Carl Schurz Bernhardi. Leaving out

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the wildly exaggerated "atrocities," there were many Americans of the ancient stock who would not believe the tales of reprisals such as those at Louvain and Aerschot, because the Germans they knew were not that sort. Well—the German-Americans are not that sort. Schurz and Sigel did not make war that way. German-Americans do not go in for reprisals—not even against prohibitionists. But their Prussianized cousins—even those from Saxony and Baden and Wuerttemberg—seem to do so.

For their spirits are hard—indeed, outside the province of the State the soul of modern Germany sometimes would seem to be dead. The house is spotlessly clean; but when a visitor has dwelt in it a while there comes the insidious reek of something, somewhere under the floor, whose demise all the disinfectant and cleansing fluid has been unable to conceal. Except in Munich, perhaps; and opinions differ as to the quality of the Munich soul.

There is another reproach that cannot be brought against Germany alone, but it is something for which Prussia more than any other single Power is responsible. No one who has ever lived through a war crisis in a state where universal service prevails can forget the look that lurks in every woman's eyes during the days when peace or war hangs on the single word of a statesman. My German-American friends will doubtless hasten to point out that but for the providential interposition of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile the United States would now be involved in a war with Mexico which was not voted by the people, or even submitted beforehand to Congress. Very true. It is not my purpose to hold up these States as an ideal. But the typical German-American is not a pugnacious person. He would not pick a quarrel with Mexico any more than with the Triple Entente. And when he grafts his pacific ideals on the Germany of Bismarck and says, "Behold my Fatherland!"—why, he makes himself ridiculous.

I have said that Scheffel and perhaps Heine are the literary spokesmen of the Germans who settled the Middle West. Who holds that position in modern Germany I dare not say; for Treitschke and Bernhardi, to most foreign observers apparently the epitomizers of the accepted philosophy, have been formally

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repudiated by Dr. Dernburg. But if Bernhardi be on the Index, there remain some hundreds of other militarist writers who have discussed "The Day." Here again I must pause to admit the objection of my German-American friends, that the inevitable conflict has appeared more often in the writings of Englishmen. Granted; but it has for the most part been used to give point to novels which, while far from harmless, were not malevolent in intent; readers of the semi-fictitious German analyses of the coming war have usually noted a different spirit.

As to other representative German writers of the day, it would be hard to pick one who summarizes the spirit of his time. Creative literature in every capital has its pathological specimens, but I am inclined to think they are most numerous in Berlin.

Be this as it may, we German-Americans have our own national epic—an epic cast in the form of an operetta. I refer to an entertainment extremely popular a dozen years ago, which might have a salutary effect in calming the agitated spirits of our populace if it should be revived at this moment—*The Prince of Pilsen*. In the genial brewer whose unvarying inquiry sought to discover if his interlocutor had ever been to "Skinskinetti," the German-American character has been caught in a not unfriendly and a profoundly accurate characterization; and the spirit of the German-American informs the play and gives it a value no less than that imparted by its illuminating glimpse of the Fatherland as the German-American sees it. The Heidelberg Stein Song shows Heidelberg as it looks to the German-American. He sees in it almost as much charm, perhaps, as Meyer-Foerster saw; but it is a different charm. It is his concept of the Fatherland, not the Fatherland itself.

And our millionaire brewer is strong for Cincinnati. It is his town. It is not as beautiful as Munich, as clean as Berlin, as well governed as Leipzig or Frankfurt or a dozen other German cities; but it is his town and he is for it. There is the true Fatherland of the German-American—in Cincinnati and St. Louis, Chicago and Milwaukee, and the hundreds of smaller towns where he has won an honorable place and built his own personality into the life of the community.

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As for his national song—perhaps it is *Hi-lee, hi-lo. Die Wacht am Rhein* thrills us all; but I, for one, can work up small enthusiasm over the watch on the Yser, or the Aisne, or the Pilica. And that is what Germany has come to. The Fatherland to which the German-American is loyal is a land as legendary as Ruritania.

It is perhaps this quality of sentimental imagination that accounts for the strange fellowship between the German-American and that other visitor from the Land of Dreams, the Irish Patriot. Irishmen, it is well known, belong to an imaginative race, addicted to fairies and leprechauns, elves and demigods, tales and romances. They assemble in great numbers each year on the hypothetical birthday of one Patricius, a Romanized Gaul, and partake of dinners to which a single ticket sells for a sum that would have saved a starving family in the 'forties. There they dilate upon English tyranny and the woes of Ireland; but it is a strange Ireland that they describe. One hears nothing of Sir Horace Plunkett, of the Abbey Theatre, of Douglas Hyde and Bernard Shaw and George A. Birmingham; but much of Patrick Sarsfield and Robert Emmet, and a certain Brian Boru. Nor is their England the England of Asquith and Lloyd George, or even of Gladstone; it is the England of Cromwell and the absentee landlord. Certainly not the England that was protected by the Irishman, Wellington, and magnified by the Irishman, Roberts; that is now being defended by the Irishman, Kitchener, and allows the Irishman Shaw to flourish like a green bay tree the while he damns her rulers in time of war.

Truly, this fantastical spirit has much in common with the genius of the German-American. And now one can understand more easily the incident at a recent meeting in New York, when an Irish Patriot in uniform belabored with his sword another Irishman—presumably not a patriot—who did not rise when the Irish band played *Die Wacht am Rhein.*

Yet there are tough-minded German-Americans who may perhaps admit all that I have said, and dismiss it with a contemptuous: "What of it? Grant that our ancestors were sentimental dreamers, mild-mannered and sickly philosophers who were incompetent to impress their views on their fellow-Ger-

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mans, and would have been incompetent, had they succeeded, to build up the mighty Germany that we see to-day. Should we, their sons, for that reason fail to pay our homage to the achievement of those who cleared them out? Should we not rather salute the greatest nation the world has ever seen, and thank God that there runs in our veins blood akin to that of the men who made her?"

This, I believe, is in substance the argument advanced by the doughty H. L. Mencken, who unites the subtlety of the South German of the 'fifties with the vigor of Bernhardi, and quite frankly despises the habit of mind which characterized the men of '48 and perhaps, according to the doctrines of the strong-hearted, begat their failure. It is an entirely logical and correct position; but I can only observe that it does not seem to me that one German-American in five hundred could conscientiously subscribe to it. That the Germany of 1915 is a wonderful empire is obvious; but that it is the sort of empire the German-Americans of 1864, or 1884, or 1915 would have built, or would have wanted to build, seems to me plainly absurd.

It is not my purpose to criticise the German Empire, except as it is necessary to support my thesis; but in that cause I may adduce two somewhat trivial, but I venture to think somewhat significant, details. In the War of Liberation and in 1870 the Iron Cross meant something; the present war has seen it bestowed wholesale, on battalions and ships' crews, until it has degenerated almost to the status of a service medal. I have already quoted a lengthy and to my mind somewhat turgid verse inscribed upon the iron rings that are given out this year. In our family there is a treasured iron ring with the date "1813" and the brief comment: "Gold gab ich fuer Eisen." That was purchased with a wedding ring; not with a mere gift of gold. I question whether in the end it can profit any empire to vulgarize its own most sacred emblems.

However—the issue is joined. Perhaps Mr. Mencken and his followers are right. If the Germans win this war we shall see a new Heaven and a new earth—a new earth wherein Germany shall be the keystone of the structure; a new Heaven, for it will behoove all of us to get rid of our beaten gods and turn

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to those whose aid is of avail. For some time past England and France and Belgium, and these States, too, have given their adherence to the red-capped goddess of Liberty. True, they have given her but lip service much of the time, with no little falling away after strange gods; but nominally she has headed the Pantheon whose other members are Virtues of the Christian type. A German victory means the triumph of the new Walhall wherein the seat of honor is held by Germania, clad in shining armor—Germania, whose mystical worship is abroad from the Niemen to the Meuse and has suddenly startled a world which knew it not. Her high priest is none other than William himself; and in her train is the God with whom William converses, a deity half Lutheran, half Old Testament Hebrew, as well as the reborn Æsir of the ancient Teutons—Wotan and Donar the warriors, and the diplomat Loge. It is a formidable array; and should it and its devotees prevail, it will be for us who formerly worshipped the red-capped goddess to overthrow her images, and, following the eminently sensible example set by the races conquered by the Saracens, to go over bodily to the service of a god who can protect his people.

In that day German-Americans may worship the Fatherland with seeing eyes; but it will not be such a Fatherland as is now enshrined in their hearts. "Whom ye ignorantly worship him declare I unto you." That Fatherland is and will be, in the Platonic phrase, a model in the skies.

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YOUNG ARABIA

AMEEN RIHANI

NOVEMBER 27 and December 18 of last year mark two events in the history of Turkey that are more disastrous to Ottoman sovereignty than the battles of Lule-Burgas and Kumanovo: in the first a Holy War was proclaimed, which was disregarded throughout the world of Islam, and in the second a new Sultanate was established in Egypt, which will yet be hailed throughout Arabia. These two events strike at the root of the civil and spiritual power of the Osmanli dynasty, and reveal a political and religious consciousness in the Near East that is of great significance, not only to Egypt, not only to Arabia and Islam, but to the whole world. For it means the rise of a new nation, the establishment of a new Arab empire.

Europe in recent years, because of a decline in its political and moral prestige, seemed to live in dread of Eastern perils of a more or less imaginary nature, not least among them the peril of pan-Islamism. And the threat of a jehad that came from Stambul always had its desired effect. But now we have the truth, which is comforting and gratifying. The jehad is a bogey, even like pan-Islamism, which Abd'ul-Hamid set up to frighten Europe. But that scarlet Sultan, it will be remembered, was wise and foresighted enough never to show his hand. To be sure, he would not have consented to-day to a declaration of a Holy War —he would have relied as usual upon the deterrent effects of the unknown factor. But the Young Pashas in power, thanks to their shortsightedness and stupidity, did not know enough of the real state of things to keep up the game, to let the bogey stand. They failed where the Sultan they deposed succeeded. And what a hollow mockery is their pretence to defend Islam against the enervating influences of European domination, when they are, in this sense, exposing its weakness, declaring its bankruptcy to the world. Still, they have not been slow in inciting the rabble to pillage and slaughter. The brutal treatment of the Jews of Jaffa is of recent occurrence, and the Adana and Kotchana massacres would have been repeated to-day in more

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than one vilayet of the interior were it not for the intervention of the American Ambassador at Constantinople.

But if Islam as a monster of fanaticism is dead, a new Islam is fast coming into prominence. And the fact that the Mohammedans of to-day have not heeded the call to a jehad should raise them in the esteem of the civilized world. It is most significant, this unanimous repudiation of the *fetwa* to which a figurehead of a Sultan and the deluded ulema of Stambul have put their signatures. Even in the Caucasus darknesses of Mohammedanism there are signs of the dawn. The Sheikh ul-Islam there has declared that the Porte holds no canonical right to proclaim a Holy War, that the local ulema are not even bound to know who is the Sheikh ul-Islam at Stambul, and that a declaration of a jehad under the present circumstances is a direct violation of the text of the Koran on the subject.* The Muslim of India and Morocco took the same stand. But these different races of Islam, so removed from each other, so foreign to each other in more than one sense, were never really attached to the throne of the Osmanli, nor do they share in the least the traditions of the nation that gave them their faith. Islam as a religious entity is a chimera; Islam as a political unit is an illusion: but, even though it is divided into a hundred different sects and peoples, scattered in the far East and West, each independent of the other, speaking different languages and paying allegiance to different Governments, there is on the border of the Orient and the Occident, in the very heart of the world—in Syria, Arabia and Egypt—a political unit, a new-born national spirit, which is slowly acquiring bulk and strength and is destined by virtue of its geographical position, at least, to play again an important part in the progress and civilization of the world.

The genius of a people whose empire once extended from Delhi to Cordova and whose culture leavened the Renaissance in Europe, is imperishable. It was extinguished in Baghdad, in Egypt, in Andalusia,—it languished under the mara of Tartarism for four hundred years,—but it is now resuscitated by the

* Which is as follows:

"And fight for the cause of God against those who fight against you: *but commit not the injustice of attacking them first:* verily God loveth not the unjust." Sura II.—The Cow: Verse 186, page 390: Rodwell's Translation.

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very Europe that was once its debtor. And it is rising again, rejuvenated, revitalized, eager to make up for the long interregnum in its life as a race with a moral prestige, an undying spiritual heritage, a glorious past. Indeed, a race that can boast of great poets, great scholars, great conquerors,—a race that has given the world Ibn Sina (Avicenne), who is acknowledged by Renan to be the greatest thinker of his age; and Abu'l-Ala, the poet-philosopher, who is considered by von Kremer to be many hundred years before his time; and the Khalif el-Mansour, who instituted in his Court and subsidized an Academy of Letters for the purpose of translating the literature of Greece and Rome, of saving it from oblivion and transmitting it again in Arabic to Europe; and Saladin, to whom the Christian world has accorded a niche in its temple of heroes:—such a race has undying moral and spiritual forces, which underlie the ambition of the Arab-speaking people to-day, and which must be considered as the prop and mainstay of the new dynasty, the new Sultanate of Egypt. Politically, superficially, Egypt may now be considered a pseudo-monarchy; but morally and spiritually it has potentialities which will not be easily overcome by colonial exigencies, autonomous speciosities, or political combinations. For this new dynasty, though it be a daughter of chance, and though it does not for the present change the status of Egypt, is England's moral sanction, as it were, of the aspirations of Young Arabia. And it has behind it the support, not only of the Egyptians of every shade of political opinion and creed, but also of a growing public sentiment in Syria and El-Jezira (Mesopotamia) as well as in Nejd and Hijaz. I have before me, as I write this, a recent number of a newspaper published in Baghdad, in which it is reported that the long-standing antagonism between the Sherif of Mecca and Ibn Saoud, as well as between them and other independent rulers of the desert tribes, is now at an end. Even the Arab princes, then, are thoroughly alive to the necessity of uniting their efforts in a common cause; this is the opportune, the supreme moment to shake off forever the yoke of the Turk, and they are going to do it. All along the eastern littoral of the peninsula, from Oman up to Bossrah, England seems to have won the sympathy

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and support of the Arab chiefs; she concluded a treaty of alliance with Ibn Saoud, in which she guarantees to him the water route through the Persian Gulf while he offers her the protection of a road through the interior. All of which are of more than a local and passing interest: they are signs of an Arab movement of which England is no doubt aware, but which, to her own interest, she must now support.

When I speak of the Arabs, however, I do not mean the roving Beduins of the desert, who might be compared with the American Indians, except that the Turkish Government has always done its best to keep them in their ignorance and poverty. Once Abd'ul-Hamid thought of establishing an institution for the education of the children of the tribes, but the project failed. His Ministers of Obscurantism, who had a hundred other irons in the fire, pleaded a lack of funds. The Arabs on the outskirts of Syria are of the lowest tribes, ignorant, illiterate, poverty-stricken; and what little wealth some of them may claim in cattle is often confiscated by the local authorities in payment of the taxes. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if the Turks, for a little money, can enlist them in their cause; but as soldiers fighting the battle of the Osmanli they seldom prove more loyal than the Christians. On the other hand, the Arabs that wandered into Egypt have availed themselves of the benefits of liberal institutions and an enlightened Government, and are now a living proof of the latent possibilities even in the lowest of the tribes when given a chance to develop themselves. For where a little is done to ameliorate their condition, they prove themselves worthy beneficiaries. In Egypt they have adopted the customs of city life, of modern life; they have assimilated the spirit of civilization; and many of them are now engaged in agriculture or commerce, while not a few hold office in the Government. Indeed, where the Arab is given an opportunity he invariably shows his sterling worth. And between a Government that robs him of his sheep and camels, and another that holds out to him a welcome and encouraging hand, it is quite obvious where his sympathies lie. Moreover, these people hold their language dearer even than the promised bliss of the Prophet's Paradise; and they would prefer to be cursed by an enemy in

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Arabic grandiloquence than to be blessed in the gibberish of an alien friend. But in the making of an Arab empire, born of a revolution in the life of the people on one side and a revolution in the diplomacy of England on the other, this class of Arabs may be considered a negligible factor. In this paper, I shall confine myself to the revolution in the life of the people, to the reform movement in Islam, which is no longer a dream of a few advanced thinkers and idealists of any particular sect or race. The movement had its inception in Syria; it found its strongest voice in Egypt; and it has spread to Mesopotamia and penetrated into the innermost sanctums of the peninsula itself. Even the Shi'ahs of Nejef are awaking to its call, and the city of Baghdad is again rapidly becoming an Arab centre of learning and light. That this movement will eventually result in the separation of the spiritual and civil power invested in the Khalif, is undoubted.

But what of the Christians of Syria and Egypt? it will be asked. Will they ally themselves with the Mohammedans? Do they prefer an Arab empire to a European protectorate or to an autonomy guaranteeing them a certain degree of self-government? Before I answer this question, I wish to say that I am not writing now as a political observer, a mere onlooker, but as a Syrian Christian interested in the welfare of his race. To be candid, the Mohammedans are not our inferiors spiritually, nor socially our antagonists, nor politically our oppressors. We, the Near East Christians, are the spoilt children of Europe. And we have for the past hundred years suffered from too much attention, too much protection, too much diplomatic coddling. We have never been let alone to take care of ourselves,—we have never been given a chance to see what there is in us of good or ill, or to find out at least where we stand. France has pampered us with her love and only asked us in return that we be good to her Jesuits; England has overwhelmed us with her assurances of affection and never officially allowed the Druses to cut our throats; while Russia,—well, Russia has always posed as the defender of the bells of our churches! Thanks to Europe, we are now *real* Christians: if the Mohammedans smite us on one cheek,—they never do it except under Turkish provoca-

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tion,—we meekly turn the other. But now our guardians are massacring themselves, and, irony of fate! the last of them to institute a propaganda in Syria is the first to occupy it.

Germany, however, though her position is seemingly unnatural, illogical, is now unwittingly serving a noble end; she is pressing home to the subjects of the Osmanli, Mohammedans and Christians, a new lesson,—she is awakening them to the virtue, the pride, the necessity, perhaps, of self-reliance. But her political apocalypse in the Near East is only a passing phenomenon. Soon her ally will become a drag upon her, will even betray her, and she will be the first among the disintegrating factors that will hasten the end of the Sick Man of Europe. Germany's position now in Turkey is similar to that of France in Mexico during the Civil War; but we know what happened when the United States was free to deal with the situation. Napoleon III backed out and the French troops were withdrawn from Mexico under a threat from Washington; and Germany will be forced out by an internal revolution, if not by the Entente Powers. It is idle to predict the fate of Constantinople in spite of the claim, the lien, that Russia seems to have upon it. But it is certain that the ephemeral, spectacular, romantic appearance of Germany upon the scene will prove to be of incalculable benefit to the people of the country, Mohammedans and Christians, not in the sense of destroying the Government whose yoke they bore for centuries, but in the deeper and more significant sense of making them realize the need of self-reliance, self-dependence. And at no other time has the idea of solidarity, the sense of nationality, been stronger among them; for the Mohammedan and the Christian, thrown upon their own resources, are alike disillusioned; the one has lost his Osmanli Empire, the other, his European protectors—at least while the war lasts. And those who are conducting it and ought to know seem to think that it will continue for years. Meanwhile, Young Arabia is rising to power, and Islam, which has always been considered a stumbling block in the path of civilization, is emerging from darkness, shaking off its lethargy and hebetude, inspired by the higher principles of progress and humanity and animated with the spirit of religious toleration.

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And what has brought about these changes? Education. The Mohammedan mind is wholesome and receptive—it is avid of knowledge. And with the Mohammedans, education has not yet degenerated into a material sense, a matter-of-fact attitude of mind, a course taken for granted. With them, as with all the Orientals, in fact, it is a solemn religious undertaking for the development of the spiritualities and moralities of the race, and it is never entered upon chiefly for the material benefits it is designed to bring. Of course, their own educational system is still obstructed with the rubbish of the academicians and the religious lumber of the ulema. But those who receive their education in Europe or in Christian institutions in their own country,—and their number is increasing year by year,—are offsetting the baleful influence of the conventionally religious in their secular schools. Still, the underlying purpose is always highly moral and spiritual—it makes in due course for righteousness. True, it aims to make of the student first of all a Mohammedan; that is to say an honest, peace-loving, pious man; and it succeeds in this more than the similar European institutions that aim to make of him a Christian. And it cannot be denied that this moral and religious regard for education on their part has nobler potentialities than the purely material conception which has infested the universities of Europe and America.

Of all the other educational institutions of Syria that encourage this lofty spiritual view and help in the building of character, the American College at Beirut stands foremost. Its history of fifty years and more is a brilliant chapter in the history of the moral and intellectual progress of the people. "Not a Christian, not a Mohammedan, not a Jew," I heard President Bliss once say in a public address, " the College aims to make of the student, but a *man*." And the American College is not afraid to rise to its own ideals,—it is advancing with the nation it has taught and helped to advance. It has created intellectual needs in the young generation, and it realizes that only by being non-sectarian can it continue to supply those needs. For the spread of knowledge under the guise of religion or through missionary channels is no longer necessary. The S. P. C. (Syrian Protestant College) it is hoped, therefore, will soon become the Syrian-

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American University. And while continuing to inculcate the religious idea, in the profound humanitarian sense of the word, it will have cast off the religious uniform. Indeed, as an instrument of intellectual progress, as a principal factor in the moral and social revolution of Syria and Egypt,—students even from India come to its fountain of light and knowledge,—the College is responsible for the new needs of the nation's mind and conscience. And both in precept and practice it is now ministering to those needs. It is fostering and encouraging the spirit of religious toleration. For what is more gratifying, more promising for the future, than the splendid humanity that prompted President Bliss recently to offer a refuge in the College to the Jesuits whose institution was confiscated by the Government of the Young Turks? This is most significant if we bear in mind that the Jesuits of Syria are by no means so peace-loving and urbane as their brethren in America. On the contrary, they are the most aggressive, the most militant, the most truculent of all the missionaries of Christendom. And the American missions have never been spared by them. How in the old days they dogged the steps of Dr. Van Dyke is well known. Once on his way to a village in Mt. Lebanon, this noble American was asked what he was going to do there. "I'm going to establish two schools," he replied. "And why two?" "Because where Dr. Van Dyke sets up the Jesuits are sure to follow." But, Allah be praised, those days of rivalry and religious bickering and petty jealousies are past. The different Missions of the country, content with what progress they have made, seem now to say to each other: Well, we have sufficiently divided this little nation, so let us wash our hands and stop; for if we go on dividing we shall surely lose what we already possess. And the missionaries, Allah be praised again, no longer "missionize." The spirit of toleration is growing among them as well as among the Mohammedans and the Christians. That the Jesuits should find a refuge in the stronghold of "the enemy" is a sign of the times. And President Howard Bliss is a worthy successor of his venerable father and the noble Dr. Van Dyke, whose influence as educators, humanizers, is equal to that of Boutros el-Bustani and the great el-Yazeji. The wisdom and

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kindly humanity of these Americans, their lovable, tolerant and uplifting spirit,—these are inextinguishable torches in the temple of education where Mohammedans and Christians are acquiring a deeper, broader faith and a higher, nobler morality.

In Egypt, though public opinion in no small measure is moulded and governed by Syrian editors and publicists, some of them graduates of the American College, others students of Boutros el-Bustani and el-Yazeji, the educational movement did not begin, as some people suppose, with the British occupation of the country. It goes further back, though at times it suffered an interregnum that almost proved fatal; it had its inception in the days of the first Khedive, Mohammed Ali. And the first incentive came from Europe, from France; it was the one redeeming feature of Napoleon Bonaparte's adventure in the Valley of the Nile. Germany, it is said, is now carrying out Napoleon's mission. Absurd! Young Bonaparte, I recall, brought with him a group of savants, not only to study the country for the benefit of France, but to institute in Cairo an Academy of Science and Belles-Lettres, while Germany has invaded the country with an army of spies. The one marks the beginning of the era of education in the land of the Pharaohs, the other is reviving the cursed system of espionage that marked the reign of Abd'ul-Hamid. Napoleon was much admired by the ulema who indited to him, after he had left, a florid but sincere epistle, asking him to return to the country he had so bewitched with his genius. In a room adjacent to Josephine's salon at Malmaison are the pictures of some of these venerable, heavy-turbaned, long-bearded sheikhs. The Arab-speaking people, whether Egyptians or Syrians, have always, as I said, been avid of knowledge and always held in great esteem the world's men of genius. And it is this feature of Napoleon's mission, the scientific feature, that endeared him to them. A century ago, therefore, Islam began slowly to acquire new energy, which in recent years was effectively applied to an introspective examination of its religious, political and social conditions. And it ultimately engendered the threefold reform, whose three protagonists are highly developed individuals, untrammelled, emancipated, and in a way free from the crying defects of their race.

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Mohammed Abdo, the late Mufti of Egypt, a man of advanced views, who admired Herbert Spencer and was highly esteemed by Lord Cromer, applied the higher criticism to the Koran, showing that some of its tenets are only of specific and local import, while others are quite in harmony with the spirit of enlightenment and progress, if they are rightly interpreted. He created a new school of criticism which has found adherents even among the straitlaced ulema of el-Azhar University. A few months before his death I had the pleasure of meeting him in Cairo, and he told me that when he was in England he paid a visit to Herbert Spencer at his home in London. It was in the last days of the author of the *Synthetic Philosophy,* who was suffering from chronic indisposition, physically and temperamentally, and his reception was by no means too gracious. The Mufti was shown into a private sitting room where Spencer was lying on a couch wrapt in a rug, "more like a lord than a philosopher." He did not rise when the Mufti entered—all he did was to stretch out a cold hand of welcome and point to a chair near the couch. "But Spencer," said Sheikh Abdo, "is by no means a type of the Englishman with whom the Egyptians have to deal." Of course, the conversation between them turned on religion, which the Mufti maintained was as essential to the progress and civilization of the world as air and sunshine to man. And Spencer's last remark was: "There is no hope for the Mohammedans so long as they believe in a personal God." But Mohammed Abdo, though a right Muslim, was in a sense a mystic. And whatever his belief in a personal God was, he undoubtedly exerted an immense influence on the advanced thinkers, not only of Egypt, but of the whole Mohammedan world. His decrees on certain questions, where Islam and modern civilization seemed to clash, are most startling, and as a protagonist of a new Islam divested of its cobwebs and revitalized, his influence continues to spread and grow.

On the political side, Mustafa Kamel was the founder of the National party and its one leader of genius. Mustafa looked more the dandy than the reformer. Young, handsome, versatile, he was a cosmopolite of a most engaging character, who felt terribly at ease in London, Paris, or Berlin. In fact, he was

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seldom found in Cairo; he was always intriguing and planning political combinations abroad. Whatever his faults, they were those of youth; but he had a most persuasive personality, a sober and compelling eloquence and an undoubted sincerity. The dash of the demagogue in him was perhaps as necessary as that of the diplomat; for the slumbering spirit of a people cannot be awakened with the wheezings of the logician. But Mustafa, alas, did not live to behold the rude awakening, which was subsequently brought about by his muddle-headed and unscrupulous successors. The spirit of patriotism, the sense of nationality, which he infused into Young Egypt and Arabia, will triumph nevertheless over the rabidness and incendiarism of the present leaders of the party. At the Annual Art Exhibition of Paris, a few years ago, I saw a statue of Mustafa Kamel done by a noted French sculptor, which will be set up in Cairo despite the protest of some of the ulema, who consider such an act as a form of idolatry contrary to the teachings of Islam. It is easy to guess what Mohammed Abdo's decree in the matter would have been.

But the greatest reform by far, the most vital and enduring, the one that strikes at the root of the evils that have undermined Islam, is that instituted by Kasim Ameen, the eminent jurist and the author of such books as *The Emancipation of Woman, The New Woman,* etc. It might be said that since the Prophet himself the Mohammedan woman has not had a greater champion than Kasim Ameen. His works created an unprecedented stir in the Mohammedan world—they were epoch-making. And now the status of the Mohammedan woman is no longer one of discussion but of real reform. What he proposed for the amelioration of her condition engages the serious consideration and effort of every right-thinking Muslim. She should be declared man's equal both socially and legally; she should be given a fair elemental education to start with; she should be reinvested with the rights accorded her by the Koran; she should be protected by legislation against the widespread evil of divorce; she should receive the natural benefits of light and air—she should come in contact with the outside world. The demoralizing practice of polygamy should be checked, the harem reëstablished on modern social principles, and the veil should be abolished. To effect all

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these important changes, this moral and social revolution, Kasim Ameen brings to his support not only the traditional tenets of the Mohammedan religion, but also the Koran and some of the reported sayings of the Prophet. It would seem, therefore, that he is not as iconoclastic as he is made out by his opponents. These reforms, he admits, are certainly a wide departure, not from the religion of Islam, but from the customs and traditions of the people. He denies, for instance, that the Bible has been the cause of the Christian woman's moral and mental development, and observes that if religion really affected the customs of a people, the Mohammedan woman would be to-day the most developed and enlightened of her kind. The Koran provides for her as no other sacred book; it declares her equality with man and affords her sufficient protection against the tyranny, cruelty and injustice of his nature. It relieves her of the burden of support; it does not impose seclusion and the veil upon her. But the trouble has been, argues Kasim Ameen, that the teachings of the Koran, neglected and forgotten, have been superseded by the pernicious customs that came into Islam with the conquered races, who embraced the Mohammedan faith and continued to cling to their tribal traditions. Education is the panacea for all these evils. And there are now Mohammedan schools for girls in Egypt and Syria, in which some of the teachers are Christian women. The ignorance of the mother produces the mentally deformed child, the demoralized man. And Kasim Ameen points to the American woman as a noble example of the mother, the maker of men. As for the chastity which the harem is supposed to promote and the veil to safeguard, he maintains that seclusion and incarceration are known to have the contrary effect. Social intercourse between the sexes, he declares, is more likely to promote chastity than seclusion and the veil.

In these vital reforms, therefore, as in the non-sectarian educational movement of Syria, we find the meaning and justification of an Arab nation, revived and revitalized. That is why I say that December 18 of last year marks the beginning of a new era, not only in the land of the Pharaohs, but in all Arabia. It is the opening chapter in the history of a new Arab dynasty, slowly forming, slowly rising to power.

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THE RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY

HENRY W. WRIGHT

MENTION of the "religion of the future" is intensely irritating to some minds. The reason for this is apparent. To speculate about further developments of religious belief with the implication that the prevailing forms of Christianity are to be superseded, while at this very time men suffer from their ignorance of the profound truths of the Christian gospel, seems idle folly. Nay, such speculation may well appear to be in effect positively mischievous because it lessens the influence of the most powerful moral force now working in the world of human affairs.

Yet the question will not down. Striking evidence of this fact has been given by the present crisis. In times of social upheaval when the deepest foundations of civilized society are shaken, men's attention turns inevitably to the ultimate questions of morality and religion—and the confusion and menace of the time will undoubtedly lead to sporadic revivals of the older types of religious belief. Yet among thinking men one finds the opinion widespread that existing forms of religion have proved themselves outworn and ineffective. Intellectual leaders tell us that we may expect aid from science and finance and labor unionism in solving the problem of international relations, but not from religion; they say that religion, as always, either identifies itself with the narrow exclusive interests of the group or nation, or else, in mystic flight, soars far above the actual world of strife and battle, in neither case working effectively for universal human welfare. "Mystic Christianity was dying before this war began," says Mr. Galsworthy; "when it is over it will be dead." Another writer, until his voluntary retirement a prominent figure in English Congregationalism, declares in a recent article: "The Protestant churches are of little account in the actual life of modern society." Such statements are so common that they no longer arouse a storm of indignant protest; we are used to them.

It is obvious that we cannot expect to forecast the future

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in religion unless we have some understanding of the religious situation at present, and this in its turn can be understood only as the outcome of religious development in the past. Moreover, a rational discussion of the subject is possible only if we agree as to the nature of religion and the part it plays in human life. But such agreement need not extend beyond a few fundamental points which may be simply stated. Let us therefore agree that religion is faith in the existence and efficacy of a supreme spiritual power, and that such faith springs out of a genuine need of human nature. As long as a type of religion best satisfies the need to which it ministers, it will live. Conversely, a type of religion will languish and die if either the need from which it springs disappears, or some other agency develops better able to satisfy the need in question.

After the first stage in religious development is passed and the various forms of animism, nature-worship, and crude polytheism are left behind, we find that two types of religion predominate. These we may call the prudential and the mystical types. The leading characteristics of each can be indicated in a very few words.

Prudential religion springs from man's desire to provide for his own comfort and security during the period of his natural existence. This he attempts to do by utilizing the resources of his physical environment. He takes heed of the more obvious processes of nature, the course of the seasons, the germination, growth and fruition of plants, the nutrition and reproduction of animals, planting and gathering his crops, pasturing and breeding his flocks and herds. He becomes familiar with the more accessible materials, wood, stone and iron, making tools and building himself houses and barns. But these natural forces and agencies prove untrustworthy; through their uncertain and incalculable action his plans are set at naught, his prospects ruined, his health and very existence are placed in jeopardy. The drouth destroys his crops, the pestilence kills his herd, fire and storm devastate his dwellings. In this emergency he has recourse to religion to renew his confidence in his own ability to ensure future well-being in the presence of an uncertain and sometimes hostile environment. The deity in whom he believes

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is not the "mysterious power" of the savage, however; he is endowed with personality and possessed of definite purposes which he is interested in realizing. With such a God it is possible to bargain or, if the term be preferred, to covenant. The man who obeys his will, acknowledging his sovereignty and worshipping him according to prescribed ritual, he will protect from accident and calamity, will preserve in health and prosperity. For besides being powerful God is just, just in the sense of paying what is due in the way of reward or penalty. The reward of those who obey the divine commands is at first supposed to come within the limits of earthly existence. But experience proving that fortune does not discriminate between believers and unbelievers in this present world, the divine judgment with its ensuing rewards and penalties is postponed to a future life. But the relation maintained between God and man is the same in both cases.

Mystical religion springs from man's yearning for a spiritual good, for the cultivation of his own soul through the knowledge of absolute truth and the perception of ideal beauty. To such spiritual ends we find him turning when through repeated failure he is led finally to despair of obtaining any certain natural good. In contrast to wealth and reputation and pleasure, which are at the mercy of a fickle fortune, these spiritual goods appear to depend solely upon the choice and inspiration of the human will. Thus man comes to place over against the natural world which he repudiates as disappointing and worthless, a supernatural realm which he regards as his eternal home. But it is difficult for him to maintain his faith in the supreme reality of this supernatural realm. The natural world presses in upon him; hunger and cold, sickness and death, constantly obtrude themselves upon his attention. To strengthen his faith in the supernatural good to which he has devoted himself he again has recourse to religion. God is this time conceived so as to impart superior and abiding reality to the supernatural world and the spiritual life. He is characterized by his transcendent purity, which raises him out of any contaminating contact with the natural world and its many evils. To power and justice are now added holiness as his distinguishing attribute. Such a God

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can enter into relation with the world of human affairs only through mediators who bridge the abysmal gulf between the material and the spiritual. Through the assistance of such mediators, however, man may return to God, he may at once begin the life of supernatural reality, of spiritual bliss. Naturally, individuals thus saved from the world will desire during the rest of their earthly existence to withdraw from human society in order that, undistracted by worldly affairs, they may taste the joys of the heavenly vision.

Turning now from the past to the present we see both these types of religion existing in our civilized societies. The most of what passes for Christian faith is either prudential or mystical in character, or a mixture of both. But the student of social and moral evolution is bound to conclude that these two types of religion have lost their value for civilized man and, consequently, are doomed to disappear from modern society. This is not because the needs which evoked them have disappeared: man labors no less arduously to provide for his own future security and comfort; he seeks no less earnestly the higher spiritual goods. But he has found other and more effective means of satisfying these needs than are furnished by prudential and mystical religion. Modern man secures his own natural existence and well-being not by bargaining for divine protection against natural ills but by gaining mastery over natural forces through his own experimental science, inventive skill, and technical proficiency. He does not rely upon divine providence to protect him from shipwreck at sea; he makes a compass, constructs a steamship, invents the wireless telegraph. He does not expect to avert drouth by prayer; through scientific research and experiment he so improves his methods of agriculture that a decided diminution of the rainfall does not ruin his crops. He does not attempt to check pestilence by religious sacrifices and processions; he discovers the cause of disease, learns how to destroy malignant germs or prevent their communication. With regard, secondly, to the spiritual goods whose acquisition mystical religion pretends to ensure, modern man has learned that these are attained not by individuals who withdraw from worldly pursuits and devote themselves to supernatural concerns, but

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by those who avail themselves most successfully of the spiritual resources of their fellow-men, as these are developed through personal association and coöperation. Hence modern society aims so to organize its activities that the insights, the inventions, and the appreciations of all can be appropriated by each one, and made contributory to his personal development. To this end it establishes popular education and promotes free discussion; it encourages research and rewards invention; it fosters art and stimulates wholesome play.

It is evident that these two undertakings, the control of nature through the application of science to industry and the development of man's personal powers through the organized activities of society, are the purposes of democracy. In fact, taken together, they constitute the programme of democracy. For democracy is more than the abstract ideal of equality. It is the ideal of a society which provides for the free personal development of all its members. But it is also a method. Material necessities and comforts it proposes to produce and distribute through the coöperative industry of its citizens: no privileged class is to be permitted to live in idleness, supported by the labor of the remainder. And it proposes to find means of spiritual culture in this very coöperative industry. For no class is to be exempted from toil and given leisure for thought and enjoyment; hence if spiritual values are to be realized they must be found in the performance of the common task. But this turns out to be their true source, since industry can become genuinely coöperative only on the basis of mutual understanding, mutual helpfulness, mutual sympathy, and out of these arise knowledge and power and love, the choicest gifts of the spirit. Democracy is thus the modern method of fulfilling those needs which prudential and mystical religion arose to satisfy. No wonder that democracy has appealed to many minds as a substitute for religion or, perhaps better, as itself a religion! That it is a substitute for prudential and mystical religion, thus supplanting them both, seems indubitable. If religion can have no function beyond ministering to man's need for natural security and spiritual culture, its work appears to be done and its eventual disappearance inevitable. Or, to put the matter differently: unless new needs

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arise which no existing agency, natural or social, can fulfil, religion has no further part to play in human history. Have such needs arisen? More definitely, has democracy, in providing a method for the fulfilment of man's needs, natural and spiritual, created new needs which only religion can satisfy? If we try to answer this question, we shall find ourselves on the road which leads to the discovery of the religion of the future, the religion of democracy.

On what force does democracy depend for the accomplishment of its task of promoting the personal development of its members? Clearly, upon the thorough-going coöperation of its members, upon the absolute devotion of individuals to the comprehensive social good. Such complete coöperation of mankind in the work of subjugating nature and cultivating the powers of personality can be obtained only at the expense of the private interests of individuals. Every great enterprise which aims to increase man's control over natural forces lays its tax on the health, takes its toll of the lives, of the individuals employed: the conquest of the sea has cost numberless lives, the conquest of the air promises to cost even more; the construction of a great canal, railway, bridge, or tunnel, is expected to involve many casualties among the workers. So also with invention and discovery: the discoverer of a new serum pays with his own life; those who first apply a new remedy jeopardize their own health and safety. The cost to the individuals who participate in the work of spiritual enlightenment and progress, if less obvious, is none the less real. They may not risk their health or their lives, but they are forced to give up private preferences and individual ambitions as dear to them as life itself. One who labors for the spiritual advancement of humanity cannot allow his own tastes and talents, in science or in art, to interfere with his social responsibility; nay, more, he must be prepared to suffer misunderstanding and even opprobrium on account of his devotion to social progress and reform.

Such devotion of individuals to social welfare as democracy presupposes thus involves real sacrifice on their part, the endurance of pain, privation, and even death itself, in the service of society. Is it reasonable to expect from human individuals a

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willingness thus to devote themselves to a social ideal, the capacity for sacrificing their private interests in its service? On one condition only—that the mass of men are convinced that the larger social life, the life of human personality in its universal aspect, is more permanent, more potent, more real, than the existence of the natural individual or his private interest. If such is the true view then it is evident that the individual who surrenders his private interests, spends his strength and shortens his natural life in devoted service of society gains, not loses, in personal development, since through his very suffering and sacrifice he raises himself to a higher plane of reality, that of universal spiritual life. But this cannot be proved; it must remain a matter of faith. On the existence of this faith democracy is altogether dependent; but democracy is of itself powerless to produce it. Here then is the new need created by democracy, which religion alone can fulfil—the need of faith in the superior reality of the social community, the community of persons united through mutual understanding, service and sympathy, over that of natural individuality with its narrow interests and exclusive ambitions. Here, too, is the function of religion in a democracy: to give supernatural sanction or, better, spiritual reality, to social values.

The religion of democracy, which is destined, we believe, to be the religion of the future, will, therefore, be neither prudential nor mystical; it will be an ethical, a social, religion. What particular forms it may take cannot of course be predicted. But it may serve to make more definite the meaning of social religion if in conclusion we try to state the fundamental doctrines which such a religion must proclaim in order to discharge its function of upholding the reality of social values. The religion of democracy must teach, it would appear:

1. An immortality of the human person conditioned by his devotion to inclusive social ends and consequent identification with the life of a spiritual community. The future life, as an occasion of reward or punishment, has ceased to interest the modern man or move him to action. No more powerful moral dynamic could be imagined, however, than that supplied by belief in an immortality which may be won—an immortality

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which offers an opportunity for further personal development to those individuals who in their earthly existence have devoted themselves to universal ends.

2. The existence of a spiritual community made up of those persons who during the period of their earthly existence labored faithfully for the universal human good and who, after death has removed them from the earthly scene, constantly inspire men to deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice in service of society. The leaders in this community are the great moral teachers and heroes of the race, prominent in it are the sages and the saints, the patriots and the martyrs, who through the long centuries have striven to benefit their fellow-men: present also are all those who in obscure and humble station have faithfully discharged their social vocation.

3. The immanence and efficacy of God as the guiding spirit in social progress, the leader in the work of human betterment, who strives and suffers with us in the cause of universal evolution.

INDIFFERENCE

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

I SAID,—for Love was laggard, O, Love was slow to come,—
" I'll hear his step and know his step when I am warm in bed;
But I'll never leave my pillow, though there be some
As would let him in—and take him in with tears!" I said.

I lay,—for Love was laggard, O, he came not until dawn,—
I lay and listened for his step and could not get to sleep;
And he found me at my window with my big cloak on,
All sorry with the tears some folks might weep!

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UNLAWFUL MOTHERHOOD

GEORGE B. MANGOLD

THE state of motherhood represents the strongest contrasts in human society. From the joy of the madonna to the bitterness of the wearer of the scarlet letter, the distance is almost infinite. In one the pain of the body is swallowed up by the glory of new life; in the other, physical pain is weighed down by mental torture and blush of shame. The constant challenge is being thrown to the American people to lessen pain and suffering, and in many ways it finds a quick response; but the greatest interest is aroused only over those reforms that do not far invade the sphere of human selfishness. We are enthusiastic in reforming conditions that do not affect us, and that, if removed, leave us untrammelled in the routine of our daily lives: for example, it is not difficult to extend the juvenile court to new sections and communities, but it is difficult to pass laws restraining the exploitation of working children. The selfishness that is exhibited by our pockets frequently finds its counterpart in the non-progressiveness of our morals. Within the last thirty-six months attempts have been made to abolish the so-called vice districts in many of our large cities, but everywhere there has been sturdy opposition. Nor has this opposition always sought honestly to curtail the spread of vice, for it is more than a suspicion that many men have been haunted by the possible loss of opportunity for carrying on the habits of degraded vice. Perhaps no other social condition reflects the persistence of men to prevent the advent of an ideal plan of solution so much as does the status of the unmarried mothers.

It is the current belief that in the United States the number of unmarried mothers and illegitimate children is comparatively small, and there have been sound reasons for this conclusion; but a study of the subject in order to ascertain the magnitude of the problem and its many ramifications and intricacies has been given but little attention. That an evil once of minor importance, might, with the changing years and with the multiplex forms of twentieth century life, develop into a constantly increasing

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menace has received scant consideration. In fifty years, the average age when women marry has risen about four years, while the status of women in industry, recreation, amusement, social life and the rights and opportunities of women have been revolutionized. The woman's movement has gained its impetus within this time and men, instead of condemning it, now tolerate its purpose and frequently approve.

In Europe statistics on illegitimacy have been gathered for many years, but until recently they have not been put to practical use. In the United States, apart from the regularly recurring decennial census, no systematic vital statistics were gathered until about 1850. Several eastern States then provided for annual birth and death records, but the published reports consisted largely of figures, without much attempt at analysis.

Interest in information gradually developed and some men, no doubt, were impressed with its practical value. In Massachusetts the first figures relating to illegitimacy date from 1854, and it is no accident that in 1858 the State Medical Society of Connecticut requested the State Librarian, who prepared the annual report on vital statistics, to enlarge the scope of his work and to include in his tabulation facts relating to still births, illegitimacy, plural births, nativity of parents and colored population. Although some of these facts were wanted because of their interest to the physician, others were desired because of their sociological import. The physicians whose social outlook prompted them to make this request were heard, and the statistics for the year 1858 contain information relating to illegitimate births. How nearly complete the figures were cannot be now ascertained, but it is interesting to know that one out of every 127 births was reported as illegitimate.

Although the Massachusetts statistics on illegitimacy are no longer published, the Connecticut records have been continued up to the present time, and these afford the only series of American statistics on illegitimacy that cover a period of fifty years or more. Michigan, whose vital statistics have been so helpful to the student and the sociologist, differentiated illegitimate births in its first annual report on births and deaths, issued for the year 1868. It reported 121 illegitimate births

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for the entire State, or six-tenths of one per cent. of all the births. Within ten years, several other States have begun to measure the volume of illegitimacy among their population, and occasional cities are likewise making the needed classification. The results obtained by the different States are indicated in the following table:

Year	State	Percentage illegitimate births form of all births
1912	Connecticut	1.07
1912	Wisconsin	1.54
1911	Vermont	1.58
1910	Michigan	1.60
1912	Ohio	1.90

We do not vouch for the general accuracy of these figures; we merely present the computations that have been made. The recorded rates for Connecticut have fluctuated somewhat and have risen slightly; Michigan has more than doubled its original rate; the remaining States have not gathered facts a sufficient length of time to measure the trend. Interesting and perhaps significant is the difference between Ohio and Connecticut, the rate of the former State being almost twice that of the latter; and yet the highest proportion given is less than two per cent., while the lowest figure for any European country is 2.6 per cent. —the rate in Ireland. Nevertheless, we cannot soothe our feelings with such comparisons, since illegitimacy abroad is not quite synonymous with illegitimacy at home, and contact with the problem of our unmarried mothers proves how weak and imbecile has been our work so far.

American problems are not spread out over the country with an equal degree of thickness. If they were, our people would more easily arrive at conclusions. Problems are partly localized; for example, labor difficulties are confined to industrial sections, congestion is a city phenomenon, and the chief lack of amusement facilities is in the country. Likewise illegitimacy tends to concentrate its evil effects, even though its causes were relatively uniform through our land. This conclusion is indicated by the figures that appear in connection with the following list of cities:

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Year	City		Illegitimate births	
			No.	Percentage of all births
1910	Detroit		383	3.03
1912	Milwaukee		303	2.48
1910	Cleveland		273	2.00
1912	Toronto, Canada		466	4.23
1911	Washington	White	105	2.10
		Colored	557	22.10
1913	St. Louis	White	578	4.22
		Colored	136	15.10

At first glance it appears that the rates of illegitimacy in metropolitan centres are from 50 to 100 per cent. higher than in the various States. The city seems to be a spot where vice incubates and sin walks unashamed, but a microscopic view of the facts does not reveal these conditions. The negro must be treated separately. A few short years of political freedom preceded by centuries of slavery, with but little semblance of family life! How can we expect moral conditions equal to those among the whites? In Washington with its hundred thousand negroes every fifth baby is born out of lawful wedlock, and in St. Louis, where nearly 900 babies arrive every year, 15 per cent. are not legitimate. But in Caucasian Vienna, 30 per cent. of the babies are reported as illegitimate and in Paris, 25.

Although few negro women migrate to distant communities to be confined, among the whites the practice is most common. Country girls go to the large cities, a few to attempt to procure abortion, the larger proportion to find a maternity hospital, and daughters of the well-to-do city dweller often escape to other towns or cities, but the preponderance of traffic is city-ward. An analysis by the writer of the illegitimate white births in St. Louis during the years 1911-13 inclusive, yielded the astounding fact that at least one-half of the mothers were non-residents of the city. Of the births among resident white women, two per cent. were illegitimate, but of all white births, slightly over four per cent. Here we have a city of refuge to which fly more than 250 women every year, and they come from distant towns and cities as well as from the neighboring sections. That much of the recorded illegitimacy in other cities is due to the influx of women from the outside necessarily follows. Probably the pro-

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portions are not so high as those in St. Louis, because of the convenient location of the city for this species of human gravitation. Nevertheless, we must not assume that the vice and irregularity of a city are measured by the illegitimate births within that city chargeable against its residents. The number who temporarily leave the city is unknown, as well as the frequency of another vice, in fact a crime, abortion. Unlawful motherhood may be a badge of comparative virtue. Far more vicious and degraded is the woman who flings her challenge to motherhood and then turns to the physician for an escape from the consequences that she has incurred, but her history is not written into the records of our vital statistics, nor does the devotee of virtue pass her by with his eyes protected with moral blinkers as he does the nobler woman who refused to commit two wrongs in an effort to right herself.

Facts about mothers must be considered in the light of responsibility of fathers, since the solution of the problem depends largely on the success of efforts to make fathers realize that their sins will prove costly to them. Heretofore, the burden has been borne by mothers. Hereafter, fathers must be brought to terms. The age of unmarried mothers throws light on this necessity. Is she that wan-faced hopeless girl just melting into womanhood, or has she reached the full amplitude of her mental powers? Has she been ignorant of the meaning of her life, or is she fully resolved to undergo any risks that may pertain to habits of immorality? Some significant conclusions are apparent in the following summary of figures for two American cities and for the Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany:

	Under 16	Under 18	Under 21	Over 21	Age of greatest frequency
St. Louis, 1911-1913.....	4.25	21.0	58.8	41.2	18
Washington, D. C., July, 1910-Dec., 1911	5.0	23.9	57.4	42.6	18
Baden, 1902	.07	3.37	31.8	68.2	21

There is a striking similarity between the figures for St. Louis and Washington, D. C. In both cases over four per cent. of the girls have not reached 16 and more than one-fifth of the total

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number are under 18. More than one-half of the girls and women fall before they reach the age of 21. If we consider the few years in which this large volume of illegitimacy must express itself, we cannot but be impressed with the heavy rates that prevail in these early years of life. Before the age of 21 there are at most but six years of opportunity for vice; but beyond this time lie 20 to 25 years of lifetime available for misuse with consequences terminating in unlawful motherhood. The greatest temptations confront the American girl when she has reached her eighteenth birthday. Not yet ready to marry, she nevertheless toys with the other sex and only too frequently yields her body to the tempter. Her physical beauty has reached its choicest blossom, but her mind and morals are often powerless to counteract the seductiveness of beauty. The girl of 19 comes next, and she too is caught in the storm of human passion and all but wrecked. One-half of the illegitimate births occur among girls from 17 to 21 years of age, but occasional tragedies are revealed among girls who are mere children in age and of still more tender years in mind. A little negro girl of 12, without the semblance of a home, wandering to and fro, falls into the trap of the seducer —a child-mother, grim with the desperation of worthless living. A white girl, only 13, born in Russia, after coming to America loses her moral balance and her grip on virtue, and the birth certificates are required to omit the name of the father of her child. And so on, beginning with the " teens " and ending in the forties. The figures for Baden are interesting because of the contrast which they afford. And while the volume of illegitimacy is greater than in the United States the age distribution also is decidedly unlike; here we find almost no girls under the age of 16, while the percentage under 18 is less than four, and less than one-third of the entire number are under 21. Furthermore, the age of greatest frequency is not 18, when the mind is still so immature, but 21, when greater mental stability has been acquired. Apparently the general incidence of illegitimacy in Baden is from two to three years later than in the two American cities quoted. The immature girl is relatively safe, while unlawful motherhood is embraced chiefly by women who have passed the highest age of consent established in any American State. Al-

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though the causes for these differences cannot be easily determined, the fact of their existence is a challenge to further study; for a first step in our American programme of preventing illegitimacy consists in the protection of every girl who is under 18 years of age.

Folly breeds folly and vice begets vice, but the disaster that accompanies illegitimacy would seem to crush all incentive to its repetition, and yet this is not the case. Lost virtue may indeed cease to struggle, but the social humiliation and the economic hardships that follow—these are the influences that would seemingly deter. In St. Louis in 1913, 25 girls, 10 of whom were white, each gave birth to a second illegitimate child before reaching the age of 21. Several of these had not arrived at their seventeenth birthday. One domestic 20 years of age was three times a mother, and an actress of equal age had a still-born baby which represented her third confinement. Among older women the repetition of immorality is still more common, due no doubt, in part, to the hopelessness of struggling against the disfavor which they encounter everywhere. Finally, they abandon themselves to the life they so unwittingly entered. Occasionally entire families of illegitimate children are discovered.

Next to the age of mothers, the condition of most absorbing interest is their occupation. No American figures have ever been published in answer to this question, and as the facts herein given pertain to a single city no generalizations are warranted. However, they will serve as an indicator and a guide. In the three years, out of 2,095 illegitimate births 60 per cent. were counted as the children of domestics and household servants. Three-fifths of the entire number of mothers were engaged in one branch of industry, but throughout the United States this branch employs less than 15 per cent. of all the working women. Apparently it yields more than its due proportion of the cases, making allowance for any abnormal conditions that may exist in any one section of the country. This condition holds true in Chicago, where the Judge of the Court of Domestic Relations discovered that 51 per cent. of the women involved in the bastardy cases handled in 1913 were domestic servants. At once, two questions of grave import arise to trouble the seeker of knowledge and

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the sociologist. Is domestic service a morally extra-hazardous occupation? Is the class of women employed in this branch of industry mentally and morally inferior? Answers to these questions must be left in abeyance for the present, although a number of relevant observations can be made. The domestic servant has no natural protector and her opportunities for social life are seriously handicapped. Usually, she must seek recreation in public places where contact with men of low morals is almost unavoidable. The domestic working in the home is of all working girls most nearly without a home. The social position of the domestic in the country and small towns is, however, much more favorable than in the cities. That labor does not flow freely from manufacturing and mercantile occupations into domestic service is well known and suggests the probability that the mental types are somewhat different. Federal statistics show a preponderance of domestics among working girls appearing before the juvenile court. These facts, however, do not necessarily indicate moral inferiority, as the effects may have been due largely to the conditions under which the domestics have been compelled to live. On the whole, low standards of morals are not proved and a heavy burden seems to rest on the environment of the domestic servant.

Although the factory workers rank second, they constitute not more than one-fourteenth of the entire group. In view of the masses of women that have entered the manufacturing industry, so small a proportion is surprising as well as gratifying. Likewise with the saleswomen or store girls. Counting every girl who might possibly qualify under this group of workers, we find not more than three per cent. Since so large a proportion of all are domestics, the percentage engaged in other occupations must necessarily be small, but the laundress, the seamstress, the milliner and the waitress are very much in evidence, and no doubt exceed their proportion of the cases. Skilled trades and professions are but feebly represented. Several bookkeepers and stenographers are included, as well as a few nurses, actresses and musicians. Indicative of the obloquy that is attached to unlawful motherhood and of the need of seeking some place of refuge is the record of the teachers, who represented over one

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per cent. of the total number. Nearly all of these have come from some small town or village where their ruin was apparently consummated. Likewise, most of the students and school-girls recorded were brought to the city temporarily for purposes of confinement. The higher the social station, the greater the tendency to leave home to find refuge elsewhere; among the very poor, removal from home is not only impossible, but the motive is less. Seven-tenths of the entire number, regardless of previous residence, patronized the institutions and maternity homes with which the city is supplied. It is because of this fact that a heavy cost is entailed upon the city. The number of marriages that have been consummated is almost negligible, and the support given by putative fathers is notoriously small. Almost the entire burden, therefore, has fallen upon the unfortunate girls, their relatives, and philanthropy. The immediate interest of the public depends on the cost of its philanthropy, but the ultimate interest must be based on the need of perfecting our standards of morality and of lifting human beings to higher levels.

These few facts are only a beginning, but facts are the necessary basis for a programme of reform. Yet knowledge, although it may be power, is not momentum. It is really nothing more than potential energy, and unless a people is vitalized with righteous impulses, knowledge will not transform life. European statistics have portrayed knowledge for decades, but the genuine attack on illegitimacy was not begun until within the last decade. Since then, Germany and Scandinavia have begun to strive for fundamental measures of prevention. American States have done but little, yet a progressive law here and another there shows we are slowly awakening to the need. But unlawful motherhood furnishes its own retribution, while unlawful fatherhood escapes, only to continue its work of demoralization.

No programme of attack is complete unless it demands that the father bear his share of the burden. Legislation is not progressive unless it strikes this keynote. Make illegitimacy costly and burdensome, and it will decline. It is not a woman's problem, nor is it a man's problem, but it is a question of human beings with sex impulses, and unless the aggressive sex is restrained, we cannot hope to root out the evil.

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CULTURE, ETHICS, AND THE WAR

JOSEPH ALEXANDER LEIGHTON

THERE is much discussion and perplexity as to the respective claims to culture leadership of the great national protagonists in the war. I shall not in this article enter this controversy. I shall not consider whether the Germans are the Messianic *Kultur-Volk*. I may say, however, in passing that I am not willing to admit that even the Russians are barbarians. The people that has produced Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Lobatchevshiy and Mendeleeff can hardly be a race of barbarians. And poor harried little Belgium can rightfully claim a proud place with her Maeterlinck, Huysmanns, and Verhaeren.

The claims and counter claims in this controversy have brought into relief the significant difference between the meanings of *Kultur* and *Culture*. The German word has a more inclusive significance than our English word usually bears. Perhaps the word *Kultur* is best translated "civilization," and, although the German word is frequently used, especially by philosophers, in the narrower and more specialized sense of inner or mental and spiritual development, perhaps the least misleading translation of our word culture in its usual acceptation is "Bildung" or "Ausbildung." I shall distinguish quite sharply between Civilization and Culture. Civilization includes all the arts and activities of organized social life in stable well-ordered communities and states. It includes organized efficiency in industry, commerce, communication, administration. It includes specifically all the forms, activities, and results of the application of knowledge to the exploitation of natural resources for the benefit of society. It includes all phases of the consciously planful development of natural forces and human powers. The state of cultivation in contrast with the state of nature, in which the savage is dependent and waits passively upon the largess or stinginess of mother earth, is civilization or external culture, technical culture. Its slogans are "knowledge is power" and "organization is power."

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Culture has with us English-speaking peoples a narrower and more specifically humanistic significance. It connotes an intelligent and sympathetic acquaintance with the finest fruits of the creative human spirit in literature, art, pure science, morals, and philosophy. We do not understand by a cultivated man a successful technician or efficient specialist. We understand rather a man of wide knowledge of, and fine feeling for, the creative things that have made for the upbuilding of the human spirit in light, in harmony, in peace, in wisdom and charity. A cultivated man is one whose spirit has been informed and enkindled by a vital appreciation of the finest achievements in the spiritual life of humanity. Such an one may be inefficient in business or politics, but he will never be narrow or intolerant. He will keep an open mind and an open heart. I do not mean that he will be a Laodicean—without heat of conviction or firmness of character. But he will have suppleness as well as strength of intellect, urbanity of disposition, fairness of judgment, readiness always to consider the points of view and convictions of others. In brief, a cultivated man is an intelligent, well-informed gentleman.

Clearly, technical civilization or organized efficiency in handling the materials of civilization may flourish without much culture. And culture may flourish without a very efficient or luxurious civilization. I have met cultivated men living in the backwoods. I am not sure that in the earlier days when America was much more sparsely populated than now there were not as many to the square mile as now. In the externals of civilization the Athens of Pericles, the England of Shakespeare, and even the Weimar of Goethe, were far behind America, England or Germany to-day. They were all certainly ahead of the present in some of the most important forms of cultural creativity.

Material civilization without the leadership of a fine humanistic culture is but an imposing and specious barbarism. It may be stupendous and irresistible in the fields of industry, commerce, and war, but it is not worthy of our respect, much less of our admiration. Europe, notwithstanding its vast and powerful technical civilization and its great historical rôle in spiritual culture, has lately slipped back into barbarism. Does it not reduce

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civilization to a pathetic absurdity to have multiplied the instruments of production tenfold and an hundredfold in power in order to wreck the historic remains of cultural creativeness and to destroy one's fellow-inheritors of culture? There is not even the excuse that they are fending off barbaric hordes. They are not fighting for the very existence of civilization, as the Greeks fought at Marathon and Salamis, as Charles Martel fought at Tours, as John Sobieski fought before the gates of Vienna, or Dimitri Donskoi against the Tartar hordes on the battlefield of Kulikovo.

The present war is the *débâcle* of materialistic civilization. It reveals in the most vivid light the futility of placing utter faith in the all-redeeming power of applied science. In many respects it looks like a stupendous exhibition of intelligent scientific diabolism. One might well imagine the devils of materialistic technique grinning behind the scenes while millions of their ignorant victims are consumed in the name of patriotism and culture. Thus the vaunted material expansion of nineteenth century civilization swings around into barbarism recrudescent and triumphant. Culture and education are powerless in the face of the supreme catastrophe of the ages.

In the past fifty years men have increasingly placed their trust in the application of physical science, in organized efficiency and in material wealth and enjoyment as the highest goods and final fruits of civilization. Humanistic culture has retrograded. There has been no progress in literature, art, education, morals and the cultivation and recognition of high personal character, at all comparable with the technical progress in the same period. The spiritual life has fallen far behind the material. It has been forgotten or slighted.

Civilization is a hollow sham, a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and even humanistic culture is effeminate, weak, and decadent, unless controlled by other and higher principles. The only thing that permanently redeems men from barbarism is faith in and service of absolute moral values. Without these, culture is unavailing and civilization but a disguised barbarism, fattening on ruthlessness and lust and engendering hypocrisy and superstition. If there be no absolute moral values, then the

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only right is might. There is then no fitness or quality of value in human society except that of survival in the brute struggle for existence and mastery—a struggle none the less brutal because it is waged with aëroplanes, forty-two centimètre howitzers, high-power explosives and submarines.

And these absolute moral values were not discovered in the laboratories of the nineteenth century. They were not fashioned in banking houses or in diplomatic courts. They are not the by-products of efficient commercial organization. They have been known from of old-time, though lately obscured and forgotten. Go to Confucius's rule of reciprocity, to Lao Tse, to Gautama Buddha, to the Hebrew prophets, to Jesus of Nazareth and to the Stoic philosophers, and you will find them. You will find them in Kant and Bishop Butler and in many another modern thinker. But the world had forgotten them. It had placed its faith in "reeking tube and iron shard." This war has come upon us because men have given adherence to the gods of technical and material progress alone and forgotten the spiritual foundations of society. The only way of escape for a civilization threatened with collapse is the application of the same moral principles to international and to interpersonal relationships. The ethics of individual intercourse and of international intercourse must be recognized as identical.

The fundamental principle of humanistic ethics is the intrinsic worth of the free and rational personality. Justice and Love are often contrasted, as though one began where the other left off. In truth they are but complementary aspects of personal intercourse and the social order. Both are forms of reciprocity between selves. Without respect and regard for another, which is love, one cannot deal justly towards that person. One must have sympathy and appreciation in order to be just. Given respect and regard for other persons, and justice follows inevitably. The deepening and extension of the sphere of justice in human relations has been impelled by the deepening and extension of sympathy and insight, that is, of love.

If humanity were an abstraction one could neither act justly nor cherish love towards it. One cannot love an adjectival noun. Humanity is not an abstract essence distilled from all racial and

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individual varieties of humankind. Humanity is a concrete world of persons, of beings like ourselves and possessing the same moral and affectional natures. As an ideal for our striving, humanity is a spiritual whole or society of selves in which the absolute value of each individual member is recognized, regardless of the color of his eyes or skin, the mathematical index of his head-form, or the philological relations of his mother tongue. Our duty towards humanity is simply our duty towards other selves having the same moral natures as ourselves. Love for humanity is an effective practical regard for the worth and dignity of other human beings. It is readiness to act with reference to the growth of moral and rational individuality in the other man.

One of the chief, if not the chiefest, hindrances in the way of the spread of a humanitarian ethics that shall supersede tribal and national ethics has been poverty of moral or social imagination. The imagination is the greatest agency for spiritual creativeness and social progress in the equipment of the human soul. Its cultivation for the exercise of social and public functions has been greatly neglected in education and moral training. In order that we may practise justice and love we must be able to put ourselves in the other man's place. We cannot do this without imagination of the sympathetic sort. The great moral teachers of the race, such as Guatama Buddha, Socrates, Plato, Jesus, Tolstoy, exhibit in a preëminent degree this quality of ethical imagination. In order that the average man may be enabled to exercise the social imagination, moral education must cease to be based solely on an historical acquaintance with the heroes of one nation, people, or even of one great branch of the human family. The historical materials of moral education must not be exclusively Teutonic, or Latin, or Aryan. Great harm has been wrought by the failure to make a sympathetic study of the great masters in the moral advancement of mankind the basis of all historical education, the inspirational groundwork of moral education. The exclusive study and laudation of national military and political heroes has worked much evil. History should be taught in the schools, not as the story of dynastic ambitions, battles and intrigues, but as the growth of the race in moral

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insight and cultural elevation under the leadership of humanity's spiritual heroes. Cultural and moral history, with the race's spiritual leaders as the central figures, would prove the most enlightening and moralizing study that the child and youth could have presented for their attention.

Justice is the treatment of every individual as a being having inherent worth. Love is the feeling of regard for the human worth of every individual. Man, this paradoxical blend of fire and clay, has moved upward from the brute through the extension of the sphere of application of justice and love. These social attitudes have been working themselves out into wider relations through the development of the family, the clan, the tribe, the city State, and the territorial State. The goal of this unceasing upward process, whose history is coeval with civilization, is the application of justice and love to all men—to every man because he either is in fact, or has in him the power to become, a free and rational personality.

We feel affection and owe duties towards the members of our families. We become richer and worthier individuals by the exercise of these affections and the fulfilment of these duties. We feel affection and owe duties towards our nation. We are made richer and worthier thereby. But we must not, for the sake of our families, lie, steal, murder or become traitors to our countries. On the other hand there are certain things that we must not do for the sake of the State, if the doing of such things violates the moral nature of personality in others or in ourselves. Better that the State should perish than that it should live on the dishonor of its sons and daughters or on the dishonor of the sons and daughters of another State. The continued existence of a State which is dependent on the violation of fundamental moral principles for its continuance contradicts the end which alone justifies the existence of a State; namely, the growth of the moral life in its members. The moral worth of individuality is often sacrificed to family interests or to State interests under the influence of blind instinctive feeling or of powerful social suggestion that upsets for the time being the rational conscience of the individual. Some of the manifestations of patriotism are the tragic dethronement of reason and moral

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consciousness and the usurpation of the ruler's seat by the blind animal instinct of gregariousness. The riotous carnival of war thrives on this welter of mob emotion. There are inviolable ethical boundaries marked by the ideal of free and rational personality where patriotic devotion must halt.

The State is a harmful abstraction, a myth warmed into a semblance of life by tinsel, trumpery, and noise, and by the blind emotion generated by these primitive means, if it be regarded as something above or apart from the actual human persons who compose, in public and moral relations, the actual State. There is an ideal United States which is more than any one of us, its citizens, and more than the mere sum of all of us. But this ideal United States exists and functions only as the interpretation and unification of the ideals and values of living American persons. In ordinary times, for the vast majority of citizens the State is but the mass of customs, usages and laws, plus the accredited agents of these institutions. In time of stress the ideal State comes prominently into the foreground of consciousness as it is interpreted and represented by a few leaders whose conception of the State is accepted by the masses. Then the fateful issue becomes this: Whether the leaders incarnate moral principles and the led see and follow these principles as incorporated in their leaders. What was the real United States during our great war? It was the ideal of perpetuating on this territory a free State of opportunity for all regardless of color, as interpreted by Abraham Lincoln and a few others. What is it now? That would be more difficult to say. I myself believe it to be the perpetuation under changing and more complex conditions of the ideal of a land of equal opportunity for every son of man who is born here or who comes here. It is just the embodiment under our special conditions, economic and social, of the universal human ideal of free personality. Only so long as it furthers the fulfilment of this ideal is the constitution of this nation or of any other nation worthy of respect and adherence. The ideal of a universal humanity is larger and finer than its special fulfilment in any single individual or State. But the ideal of humanity exists and functions only as the unification of the values and aims of concrete human persons as visioned and

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striven for by the most representative human beings whatever be their historical national culture.

A clear vision of and devotion to the universal ethical values that are grounded in the intrinsic dignity and worth of moral personality is the alchemy which will transmute the clay in man into fine metal and make it the instrument for the realization of the Republic of Man, the alchemy which will transform the brute in him into service of the rational and humane spirit.

Every great historical crisis in the life of man has been the beginning of a new forward movement. Beyond this horrible war I discern the coming dawn of a new epoch more universal, rational and human than any that have gone before. The rising sun of a new humanity already reddens the sky above the frightful glare of battle. Because of the fearful impact of the shock to our present civilization, because of the very magnitude and cultural preponderance of the national forces involved, I see a great clarification on the way—a new spiritual synthesis of our common race. All types of moral and spiritual conviction and culture are involved in this war. All varieties of Christian, the Mohammedan, the Buddhist, the Confucianist, and Brahmin—all these are at grips in this world war of the civilizations. There is no line of cleavage in civilization or culture that cuts across the protagonists in the struggle. One cannot draw a line and say that all the belligerents on one side represent a certain type of culture and all on the other side a different type. And most of the current talk concerning racial missions, inherent racial superiorities and racial antagonisms is unmitigated and dangerous nonsense. What determines the character of a people is not chiefly its "racial" qualities as described in terms of physical anthropology such as color, height, and cephalic index. The character of a people is determined chiefly by the nature of the economic and political civilization and the spiritual culture in which each generation is nurtured. Hence there are great differences in the same nation in successive epochs. The assumption of racial fixity in cultural characteristics is a bit of pure mythology whose sentimental effects are mischievous. I venture to say that the English and French to-day are more nearly alike in cultural characteristics than either are like their

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respective mediæval progenitors. The "Anglo-Saxon" race and the "Teutonic" race are myths. The individuals of a nation take more or less the stamp of the national culture. But there is much greater inherent variation between individuals than between nations. The more pronounced the native endowment of the individual, the higher he rises above the national dead level of civilization and finds his peers and congeners among men of all nations. The moral and rational individuality of man cuts across all national and racial lines. Moreover from the anthropological standpoint every great European State is a sad intermixture.

The present terrific crisis means a universal dissolution and a universal reconstruction. It will bring in its train a more vivid consciousness of the unity and interdependence of all members of the human race. It will be seen that higher than all differences of speech, culture, and religion is human personality. Of more worth than any specific form of State polity is human personality. Of more worth than the proudest technical achievements and the greatest political and commercial expansion is human personality. Of more worth than the special literary, artistic, and scientific culture of any State is the inviolate and sacred spring of moral individuality.

Through blood and iron, through fire and rapine, through untold tears and suffering, mankind is moving towards the dayspring of a world order whose foundation stone shall be justice universal and whose crowning and shining summit shall be the ideal of free personality. As that day dawns more clearly it will bring nearer the fulfilment of the ancient vision of a universal ethics and a universal religion. Christianity must either decay or move forward to a new synthesis. To this higher synthesis the Buddhist and the Vedantist, with their wholehearted devotion to the inmost soul of things, will contribute. They will help to purify a secularized, materialized, and disintegrating Christendom. Protestant, Roman and Greek Catholic, Jew, Confucianist, Hindu mystic and Japanese Samurai—they will learn from one another and the lesson will be in many tongues and diverse guises the same—that every State and every culture and every religion must justify its existence and its claim to be

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heard by bringing its contribution to the building up in all mankind of the common spiritual essence which flowers forth in the deeds of universal justice and the sentiment of universal regard. Humanity as the ideal of our striving is a living whole of selves each possessing intrinsic value. The absolute worth and dignity of the moral essence in every son of man; this is the ethical touchstone of civilizations and cultures, of nations and religions.

REALIZATION

MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

IF I should lift my look for yours to-night,
And find your eyes were lidded listlessly,
But with an air of calm finality,
As if no morrow's morning might delight
The fibres of your being, nor be bright
Because you saw its coming in a dream,
And wished it every splendor (while the gleam
Of candles danced upon your forehead's white);
Or if my spirit, lost where speech is not,
Should lean to catch the word it seemed you said,
And suddenly remember you were dead,
And had been so so long the years forgot,
I think (*and I have stood where Sorrow taught!*)
The Fact could not be sadder than the Thought!

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THE QUIET LIFE

J. Albert Pierce

FROM a past that is not yet too dim to be distinct there stands out in my life a song, a song full of a haunting desire for something that had once been attained and then lost, a song made glorious in its melody through retrospection and strong personal association. Two street musicians, a young girl singing in a penetrating but undeveloped voice and a woman with a guitar, represent to me my last tangible idea of music. The song was from *The Bohemian Girl,* and even now I can visualize the scene and the song. I can see the women as they stood that night beneath their smoky gasoline torch, I can hear the elder's ill-tuned guitar, and I can hear as plainly as if it had happened last evening the voice of the girl, trembling and often breaking on the high notes of what is to me the most wonderful song ever sung. A month later I lost every vestige of my hearing.

For all practical purposes I lost the use of my ears. I became deaf, I entered automatically a sociological class; I became a " defective," an " abnormality." But I still retained a memory of that song, I could still sing it myself, and my ways of living, my methods of reasoning, my standards of right and wrong were just the same as before. Nearly a score of years have not altered me greatly, yet I am still abnormal and defective. In this country, everywhere among us, in our own houses and in our neighbors' houses, there are human beings as physically imperfect as I and as human as you—and I. It is sometimes a little hard to understand what happens to an individual when he becomes deaf; what changes take place in addition to the incident of destroyed hearing. It is difficult to form an opinion of *his* ideas of life, his place in the world, his emotions, thoughts, pleasures and sorrows. You can close your eyes and imagine yourselves as blind, but you cannot shut out sound from your ears so entirely that you are able to grasp the meaning of a life without sound or anything resembling sound—the Quiet Life.

They say that Beethoven created his greatest masterpieces

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after he had become deaf. "In this sad, inviolable solitude he produced his new symphonies, his sublime overtures, his quintets and quartets so full of profound conceptions and mysterious revelations of the highest harmonies. Shut out in a large measure from the ordinary pleasures of life, he retired for compensation into the world of his own imagination and brought forth from its deep resources those treasures of harmony." I can well believe it. No one can really understand music as well or appreciate it as fully as he who cannot hear it. It is the absence and not the possession of it that is vital to him. He does not hear music, he knows not what actual music is; but the necessity of it, the heart hunger for it, gives him the power to create mental music from poems and printed songs and to see a harmony in the incidents of his daily life. It is not to the man or woman with opportunities every day to absorb musical sounds, not to him satiated with the privileges of an undefective body, that the full appreciation comes; it is to him who carries about in his mind the visualization of some once-heard song or who can make his own mental melody that music reaches its highest degree of enjoyment. Beethoven, the unhearing, filled with a passion for it and unable to gratify it through his ears, heard music with his soul. Being able to give it form and expression, he passed it as a heritage to his fellow-men.

If a band passes down the street, the deaf man listens to the bass drum, for even though he be totally deaf, he can either feel or hear the crash of it and enjoy it. It is not that he is actually hearing music in this way, but it gives him a basis, a scenario, as it were, upon which to build music of his own. He is visualizing it. From some hidden recess in his brain there pours out melody, crude and barbaric if he has always been deaf, but more refined if he had once, as I have, heard music. It is music, though, and it makes the deaf man's life less quiet. It is sound, but not sound that the normal man can hear. It is the unexpressed but perfectly comprehensible deaf man's music. It is the same power that enables the poet to put music into his words and the same instinct that helps the composer to interpret and to arrange for singing these same musical ideas of the poet.

Kipling gives a graphic and pathetic account of the effect of

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music upon the blind. In his *The Light That Failed,* we find Dick telling his friend Torpenhow to " take him away " because the sweeping, blood-stirring lilt of the military band as it played *He must be a man of decent height, he must be a man of weight,* reminded him altogether too forcibly of what he had once been. This is visualization, though not of the deaf man's variety. Dick heard the music and visualized the movements of the soldiers; a deaf Dick would have seen the soldiers and visualized the music; and each would have had as lucid an impression as if neither had been defective. Kipling, in the same paragraph, characterizes this little musical ballad as a " perfect quickstep." To those people who can hear, but who never have heard, these particular words set to music, they surely mean something. Mental music can certainly be found in them, visualized. Just think for a moment of their effect upon a deaf man with a musical instinct! To me, at least, this is the best part of *The Light That Failed.* It represents to me something very personal.

So you see, the deaf man's life is not altogether a quiet one, after all. This mental appreciation to him is sound; sound as satisfying as the actual sensation would be to you. The crash of thunder, the rattling of heavy wheels over a pavement and even the " feel " of a stick on a picket fence are " sounds." This can be easily illustrated. The principal of a school for the deaf noticed one day that some one was pounding the stone wall of the building with a rock. It irritated him. The noise was kept up and the man went out to investigate. Subconsciously it occurred to him that this was not the first time he had seen his children pounding the walls and, in spite of his annoyance, the fact interested him. He listened and noticed that the tapping was not unmethodical, but was rather a crude imitation of the rhythm of the beating of an African tom-tom. The face of the child was beautiful in its expression of utter enjoyment and its oblivion to extraneous matters, and to the educator the thought suggested itself that this little ignorant deaf boy was creating music although he had never heard music and could not even define the word. Some innate trait was being brought out in spite of a handicap that one would usually associate with an utter lack of musical ability.

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It is this struggle of inherited tendencies against physical impotency that makes the deaf man's life so interesting to himself and so incomprehensible to others. To some people the pounding of a stone wall, the visualization of music from verses and the pleasure of feeling the reverberations of the insides of a piano would be symptoms of incipient insanity, but to the "lunatic" himself they are sources of much delight, a manifestation—let us say—of originality and unconventionality. I suppose it is just one's way of looking at it. The deaf are puzzles to the hearing and *vice versâ,* because each class has a philosophy of its own; each has dissimilar explanations of similar incidents. It is a subtle and still undiscovered philosophy that will fit each individual case, and it is a wise man who can read his own thoughts and apply them to the actions of his brother.

As philosophers the deaf as a class are unequalled. It is true that they may be erratic and pessimistic at times and incommunicative in regard to this philosophy almost always, but to it may be laid the explanation of their amazing cheerfulness and adaptability. Their ideas of marriage, of religion, of life and its peculiarities, of their status in the human economy, are as strongly developed as those of the hearing man, and as peculiar. To the deaf, some of the things the hearing man does are merely an odd conglomeration of unconventional ideas. To the abnormal the normal are abnormal, just as the normal believe the abnormal a little queer.

I do not mean that the deaf reason differently or disapprove of life as it is. I do not mean to imply that there is any radical difference between these two classes of people. It is just that the Quiet Life seems to nourish a certain fatalism, a well-defined trust in a future that has already been planned in the past. Charles Miller expressed very accurately the deaf man's ideas of life and the meaning of life without having thought of these people at all when he wrote:

> Life is a game of whist; from unseen sources
> The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt.
> Blind our efforts to control the forces
> That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

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I do not like the way the cards are shuffled,
But still I like the game and want to play.
Thus through the long, long night will I, unruffled,
Play what I get until the break of day.

This little scrap of verse was handed to me by a deaf woman, with the remark that it seemed to fit her own life so adequately, so fully that there was nothing much left to be said. She did not regret, she explained, that she was deaf. There were times, of course, when she rebelled against it, but there were more often times when she would hesitate to exchange the calm and serenity of her existence for the advantages the ear affords. She longed for music—actual "sound music"—but she doubted if it could compare with the mental music of poetry, trees, flowers and the crowds of the city's streets. Deafness gave her the ability to see things incomprehensible to others and to search to the bottom the reasons for incidents that the hearing usually failed to see at all. She had not always been deaf; she had experienced both existences, and there was so very much of good in both that the choice would be hard to make. She wished she could hear when she wanted to and be deaf when she got tired of hearing.

But that, she exclaimed, would not do. Deafness was not just simply a loss of hearing—it was something else—something that altered one mentally, improved one in certain respects and marred in others. There could be no halfway to it. Then she spoke—a little hesitatingly—of the philosophy of the Quiet Life, and I knew that others besides myself had felt it.

There has been fostered so long the idea that the deaf are a distinct and incomprehensible race, that it is only fair to them to explain to the hearing why this is and how the conception grew. In truth, it is hard to illustrate, for there are so many matters to be considered. The dumb and speaking branches of these people are dissimilar in themselves and really should be studied separately. Just as the French and the Germans differ in temperament, so do the speaking deaf differ from the dumb. Then, again, there is to be weighed the element of human nature both in the normal and the subnormal—the deaf. The whole subject draws to itself a group of sciences interwoven

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and dependent upon each other. Here I shall speak of the "deaf" as though all were deaf-mutes, for it is this subdivision that is most often set up as an example of the class.

There is, first of all, of course, a physical distinction that does much to differentiate the hearing from the deaf. The one comprehends sound and the other does not. This alone is, when one thinks of it, ample ground for a separation into classes. Hidden deep in all of us is an inherited, half dormant uneasiness in the presence of the abnormal. The deaf dislike the blind as whole-heartedly as the blind despise the deaf. The one says, "I can see," the other replies, "I can hear"; and each looks upon his own defect not as a defect but as a handicap of much less importance than the other's. One has only to visit a combined school for the deaf and the blind for a short time to find this out. It seems that no one can see a flaw in himself as plainly as can the other man. So very few people realize the inborn animal fear of physical nonconformity that to illustrate it lucidly one must use an animal as an example. Æsop and his fable of the tailless fox is our earliest record of this —the belled rat is another. Even the most modern observers have frequently mentioned the dread of one wild animal for another with some loss of physical power, and there is much that is analogous between men and brutes. Indeed there really seems to be bred in human animals and brute animals a morbid dislike or fear of a bodily alteration. And even if the human animal does not express it in words or actions and even if the tendency does come to the surface in ripples that barely disturb the calm of the hearing man's friendship for the deaf man, the tendency is certainly there. The deaf man realizes it more fully than the other, for the one comes in contact with the normal man always and the normal with the abnormal rarely.

This may sound pessimistic and unnatural and I admit that I am dealing in the abstract rather than in the concrete. That the disposition is present cannot be denied, but that it is always evident I do not affirm. A great deal depends upon the individual—the deaf and the hearing man alike—and the element of human nature comes strongly into play. The personality of the hearing, the temperament of the deaf, their relative degrees

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of equanimity, forbearance, cheerfulness, intelligence, surliness, timidity and self-consciousness, attract or repel in direct proportion to which group dominates. There are deaf men and women whose personalities are so normal that no one who knows them ever thinks of them as being defective, and there are others whose every action and glance advertise them. It is as much the fault of the deaf as of the normal man that this atavistic trait appears. So many of them try to hide their defect in an effort to avoid embarrassing attention that they often succeed only in attracting the comment they desire to escape. The chief fault of the hearing seems to be their poorly concealed feeling of superiority and their realization that the numbering of the deaf among their friends is not necessary to their happiness. The deaf, in turn, have a pronounced spirit of clannishness and often fail to cultivate the talents that would bring them nearer to the fixed standard of normality.

Considered impartially, it is mentality that sets the boundary line and erects the dividing fence. This is unavoidable. The education of a human being depends almost entirely upon his environment. But by environment we do not mean exclusively the home, the school or the associates of the individual. Rather, it is the inherited surroundings, the latent power to absorb knowledge from what one hears, sees, feels, smells and tastes. No one can be taught and no spiritual awakening can be accomplished unless the five senses, backed by memory, will power, imagination and natural instincts, are brought into play. The man is normal or abnormal in proportion to the number or extent of these elements involved in his own particular case. The eyes and the ears rank among the most important of the senses and the absence of hearing certainly does much to modify the mental normality of the individual. That is, he is unable to learn all of the facts possible to the hearing child and his total knowledge is defective in proportion to the age at which he lost his hearing. Schools cannot supply this deficiency entirely, because these apperceived impressions are to be gained only by actual contact with the actual incidents of daily life. Consider a baby who has been born deaf. Up to its second year it is absolutely normal, if the normality of a hearing baby of the same

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age can be accepted as a standard. After this time a decided change appears. The normal infant hears and is learning to speak by imitating the sounds it realizes have definite meaning. Its little vocabulary expands; it sees, hears, and tastes things that it does not understand and it asks for explanations that are easily forthcoming. Its instinctive education grows; the primary knowledge it has acquired offers answers for other phenomena, and it begins to reason for itself. It develops personality and individuality, and its theories of the incidents of its daily life begin to conform more and more to that which we call normality. It is impossible for the deaf baby to do this. Unable to hear, it cannot speak and ask questions. When a dog opens its mouth, the hearing baby perceives a sound and knows that the dog is barking. It contains no element of the unknown to that child. But, to the deaf baby, groping in a world of silence, reaching out figuratively its little hands for knowledge, the simplest action becomes one of impenetrable mystery. It cannot understand why the motions of its mother's lips are intelligible to its sister and not to it. All of these daily incidents, of minor importance to the hearing child, assume gigantic proportions to the deaf. Little by little, aided by the few explanations it has been given, it creates in itself a series of theories of its own. Naturally, its reasoning is not always sure and it becomes a child, a youth and a man with its philosophy still appreciably biassed.

I have already mentioned the combat of hereditary talent with bodily insufficiency. This defective apperceptive education of the deaf child has much to do with this struggle and results often in eccentricity, slight or serious. It cannot be helped under existing conditions. It is why the average deaf child in school is such a difficult little animal to understand and treat properly and why the hearing man cannot comprehensively grasp the philosophy of the adult deaf. Both the child and the man are lacking in one vitally necessary element of normality: the instinctive education derived only through the possession of all of the senses.

The genius for one certain thing is a matter of birth and the physical accident that retards or extinguishes the growth of

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that innate tendency cannot but alter the life of the individual possessing it. The fate of the flower that bloomed unseen is no less tragic than that of the talent not permitted to expand because of a physical handicap. If we see two brothers, the one normal and the other abnormal—deaf, existing under entirely different standards of life—it should not be supposed that the defective one with his lower plane of living is satisfied. He may be the more brilliant of the two and the more ambitious. He may be the one more worthy of encouragement. What is taking place within him; what are his thoughts; what is his opinion of a destiny that has made him a cobbler instead of a lawyer or a surgeon? How does he accept this seemingly unjust fate? If one bears in mind that he is physically normal in every respect but in the sense of hearing, his situation becomes an interesting one. How does his handicap alter his life and what are his views in regard to it? Is there working and fermenting in his brain a protest against his lot or has his defect given him the power to create a subtle philosophy to cover his altered situation?

In the case of marriage, for instance, the average deaf-mute will say to himself, "I will take unto myself a woman who is also deaf. She will understand me better, respect me more and love me longer than the hearing woman would. She is like me; she has nothing that I have not. I shall not have to apologize to her or to her family for my defect." In all this there runs not the slightest strain of bitterness or revolt; he merely recognizes that, except in unusual cases, a union with a hearing woman would not result in happiness. He makes his choice not because the woman is deaf, not because he loves her, but because, in addition to these two reasons, there is a strong force, a bond of sympathy pulling them together. Unlike the illustrations already cited, it is not purely an hereditary force, because it acts as strongly in cases of accidental deafness as in those connately so. But, allied to it, there is a direct inheritance, a disposition not specifically allied to this one action, an unreasoned insistence of past centuries that similar tendencies and traits be preserved.

I have asked possibly a score of deaf men why they married

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deaf women. Most of these men were deaf-mutes and in all but two cases their wives were also dumb. These deaf men had been married for periods ranging from a year to a score of years, more than half of them had children and nearly half of these children had inherited their parents' trait. Considered as a whole, it was a very representative group of deaf-mutes.

In nearly every instance I stirred up their pride by inquiring if it were not because the hearing women had been repelled by their deafness. In pursuing these preliminary tactics I have been able to probe their true feelings and grasp their ideas while their temporary indignation prevented the expressing of their induced ideas of racial betterment. The answers were remarkably uniform. Aside from the expected reason of "love" they had chosen deaf wives because, (1) they had been in school together and the friendship formed there had grown, (2) they had deaf friends in common who had introduced them, (3) they had similar tastes and desires, and (4) the hearing woman was a "foreigner" and "not a suitable mate for a deaf man." All of these answers are serious food for thought and a careful consideration of any of them will shed much light upon the reason why there are deaf-mutes. Their fourth answer came always, but often hesitatingly. It showed the unconquerable tendency of all animals to improve their offspring in the face of personal gratification. It expressed very clearly that self pride regretted the necessity of acknowledging any barrier between the deaf and the hearing. It demonstrated all too distinctly that the life of a deaf man or woman is beset with an endless struggle between the desire for happiness and the preservation of the innate standards. One of these men said, "I do not think I did right in marrying a defective woman. It was against my deep-seated ideas of what was racially right and I even thought of the possibility of deaf children. That hurt me. But what could I do?"

This seems to be a question that has bothered a great many people. It is difficult to plan one's life and not consider the rest of the population. We are human no matter whether we are deaf or normal, and the deaf man is as much entitled to a happy family life as is the hearing, and even if his field for

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choice is much more limited it is hard to deny him that heritage.

I have spoken of work and of marriage for the deaf not as specific incidents in the life of a man of this class but to serve as illustrations of the varied phases of his existence. Through them I have tried to demonstrate that in the essentials the abnormal man has the same desires as his hearing brother and that if he does show eccentricity at times, this is due to something as much beyond his control as his actual deafness.

I wish people knew more about deafness and the deaf individual. I wish that some Hugo Münsterburg would delve into the subject as thoroughly as some psychologists have treated insanity and pauperism. There is much need of it. There are so many deaf people trying to fit themselves into niches intended solely for the hearing that it is a subject of vast importance. They are educated, they are taught signs or speech; but the problems of their after lives, their ambitions, pleasures, hopes and sorrows are left to their own making. Is not the life of a self-respecting, law-abiding deaf man as valuable to the world as that of a lunatic or a criminal? Is there not some way in which the natural and inherited talents of these people may be brought out to the full?

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TOWARD THE UNDERSTANDING OF YOUTH

GEORGE F. KEARNEY

EVERYWHERE in my youth I am constantly being brought face to face with the great chasm that lies between Youth and Age. There seems to be little sympathetic understanding between the two generations in spite of the unselfish, sincere devotion of Age to the education of Youth and the faith with which the younger meets the older generation. "Why, in spite of our efforts," some of the great spirits in the educational world of to-day are asking, "does Youth remain the stranger?" To this question Youth has a reply. Age sees and understands the Youth external, but the great internal conflict, the life in ferment—Youth in its very essence—has been disregarded or lightly treated.

The understanding of Youth will come with the facing of this inner ferment. With all his emotions at a high tide Youth suddenly awakes to find life before him—an unknown void into which he must plunge. Before it all he stands aquiver, torn by a thousand undeveloped impulses. From all this confusion he must gather together a personality with which to go forth to meet life. It is a great task and the choice must be made almost entirely in the dark. He must struggle to possess that which he feels will fulfil his own destiny, and the greater the prize, biography has told us, the fiercer the fight. Youth meets himself, grapples with his own ego, conquers it, and then hurries on his way into life.

Of all this Age can have only a dim understanding. Somehow Age closes the doors of its memory of Youth—except its brighter moments—just as Youth turns its back on childhood. When one has passed through a struggle he comes out exulting. It was glorious! And the fight undoubtedly was glorious, but not so while it raged. So it is with Youth and Age. It is hard, when one has passed through it all, for Age to understand the turmoil.

Now, the young man's future depends upon the grip which he gets on life during his youth and the rich ripe years of early

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manhood. In youth the young man fights for that grip. It is absolutely essential that he recognizes it as a fight and furthermore that it is one which will summon his last ounce of energy. It has been said that the individual lives the rest of his life on the power which he sounds during the conflicts of Youth. The battle which Youth has may seem ridiculous and small to those for whom it is a distant memory, but it is none the less essential. Very frequently Age is disposed to belittle the struggle with the result that the importance is clouded and Youth induced to give up the fight, the issue of which is his own future.

The formulæ which Age sometimes uses to belittle Youth's conflicts are well known to me, for I have heard them many times. Of them all there is none so uncomforting or unfruitful as this: "My boy, you shouldn't have any sorrows at your age. Youth is the happiest time of life." Another with an equally insincere purpose is: "Oh yes, I had as many wild ideas as that when I was young, but I got over my enthusiasm when I gained more experience." If Youth should take such remarks seriously there could be but one discouraging result—the giving up of Youth's search for life.

Such remarks arouse Youth's suspicions as to the absolute sincerity and understanding behind the advice. Furthermore they go a long way toward strengthening the growing conviction that experience, although an excellent teacher, has some poor pupils. For what else can experience be made of except the struggles and the enthusiasms against which the experience argument is hurled? I have no doubt that many such observations are true, but they can in no way solve the problem which Youth has at hand. They should be taken by Youth for their face value, as confessions of defeat, and not as the fruits of victory.

I cannot resist inserting at this point Robert Louis Stevenson's excellent analysis of this question. "All sorts of allowances are made," he says in his *Virginibus Puerisque,* "for the illusions of Youth; and none, or almost none, for the disenchantments of age. It is held to be a good taunt, and somehow or other to clinch the argument logically, when an old gentleman waggles his head and says: 'Ah, so I thought when I was your age.' It

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is not thought an answer at all, if the young man retorts: 'My venerable sir, so I shall most probably think when I am yours.' And yet the one is as good as the other. . . . "

Sooner or later it dawns on Youth that he must discriminate between the advice given him lightly and that given him with a desire to help him with his problem. As he grows older he must learn to solve his problems alone, using that which he receives from the outside world only as data for an inner consideration. However, he must always keep himself open to receive such aid, but I fear that Youth frequently goes to the other extreme of sweeping aside a great deal of valuable advice because of his many other experiences with the unfruitful, cynical pronouncements of Age. After all, cannot development be measured by the independence and judgment of the person?

Setting out to solve his own problem Youth meets many other difficulties. Everywhere he finds himself shielded from the fight—kept away from life. The vital facts of existence are meagrely discussed and he is kept as ignorant as possible of the many evils that sooner or later he must face. When he suffers his sufferings are minimized. He can find no one of experience, except his own companions, who are in the same dilemma, with whom he can talk out his problems. With others he is accused of " puerile egotism " and told not to be morbid about himself. And when, finally, he appears to be failing, if he asks Age he is invariably told to work harder, to " strive ever upward and onward," when very often he should be advised to relax.

Perhaps it will be considered that this is a rather distorted, dark picture of Youth. It has not been made purposely so. A glance through some of the latest educational books on Youth and the recent discussions of the Youth problem by Ellen Key and Bernard Shaw would reveal a great many more gloomy pictures than the one here presented. It is gratifying, however, to find a general awakening to the emptiness of the present-day methods of training Youth. There seems to be growing up a great new educational movement which is demanding that Youth shall be developed from within, with less emphasis laid on the forcing of an external education. It is willing to recognize that Youth is the time of ferment when the individual fights for

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his hold on life. It means to impart to Youth the knowledge and the joy of its fray and a vision of the prize of life that waits beyond.

The teacher of the new school will be one who can place himself in the seething tide of the life of Youth. This new movement demands that he shall be in tune, as much as possible, with the aspirations, dreams and capabilities of Youth, knowing its sorrows, its joys, its confusions, its emotion and its overwhelming enthusiasm. Out of all this he will be expected to bring the man, not a soul-starved product of an educational machine, but a man awakened to himself, a vibrant personality keenly aware of his inner life.

The teacher of to-morrow will have to be more consecrated, with this task before him, to his pupil than he is to-day. He need be less a student of books and more a student of life. He will be less eager to cram his students with facts and their lives with unfruitful work; rather shall the students be given time to search for their own unity. He will know how to teach Youth to temper his own enthusiasm. He will strive to train Youth so to direct his emotional discharge as to make for a greater individual. Youth will be constantly reminded of the great educational dictum of the ages, "Know thyself"—a principle which our present-day methods ignore almost entirely. He will be taught to seek freedom in life and to realize himself as an individual.

Within the last ten years educational methods have been shifting rapidly toward the sympathetic understanding of the individual and the building up of an inner life. The treatment which the child received fifteen years ago in the elementary schools would be considered barbarous in comparison with the present-day methods. This influence is rapidly spreading to the higher institutions of learning. With the growing complexity of the world's knowledge it has become impossible for any one person to receive a broad education. With the advent of the next generation a new interpretation will be given to the demand for a broad and liberal education. Emphasis will be laid on the development of an attitude of universality rather than a vain attempt to digest the knowledge of the universe.

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The most hopeful feature of the development of a new attitude toward Youth is the willingness to conserve the spirit of the joy of life—the great gift which Youth has to offer to life. To Youth has been given this great joy of life and it is the right of the individual to carry its spirit on into Age, making it fuller and deeper as the years roll on. The new movement is asserting the right of Youth to its joy, recognizing that this is the creative force which will raise life from a dull level. It means less of the disenchantments of Age; a keeping alive of the glow of life, cultivating an ever deepening optimism, so admirably expressed by those simple lines of Browning:

"Grow old along with me,
For the best is yet to be."

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THE GENTLE RACE OF GENTLEMAN-PETTERS

LUCY ABBOT THROOP

WE think of the dodo and ichthyosaurus and the rest of that amazing zoölogical garden as perfectly extinct, in a special room by themselves with a sign "Complet" on the door, like a Paris tram car, and few of us realize that to-day, in our midst, we have the remnants of a once great species, a species which will soon also pass entirely away, leaving only a tradition behind,—the gentle race of Gentleman-Petters.

Once, long long ago, when women were called "females," when they spoke of their fathers as "Honored Sir," and humbly married the first kind man who asked them, not because they especially wanted to, but because they never, never could think of hurting his feelings by refusing the great honor done to them, then gentleman-petting was at the height of its glory; it reached all the perfection of a fine art. Then the world of each household centred in the lordly male. It was his peace, his comfort, which were cared for first, last, and all the time.

"Belinda," said Peter with stern reproof in his voice, "I fear you are oversleeping. The ice has not yet been broken in the pitcher, and I wish soon to arise." And poor Belinda, overcome with shame at being so human as to sleep a bit late, pattered about in the cold, with an ever-reddening nose, to make things comfortable. Ye gods! what a bolt from the blue when Belinda first said—"Then break it yourself!"

There was not much comfort at best in those days, but what there was belonged by right to man. His chair was in the warmest corner and best light, his slippers were warmed before the fire. He walked with the proud and haughty air of the Lords of Creation, while the women circled about, with humble and adoring eyes, smoothing the path. But the laws of nature were stodgily working on. Every poison has an antidote, every lump has a leaven, and the antidote and leaven to this very poisonous and lumpish situation were the few bold spirits who dared to kick feebly at the traces. Our great-grandfathers and great-

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grandmothers looked upon them with horror and with upraised hands. What was the world coming to! In an old diary of one of my great-grandfathers, he says: "*My* Elizabeth would never have been so unmaidenly." I blush for her to think she would not, and I only dare mention it because it was about another of my ancestors he was saying what he considered such hard things.

Slowly, little by little, the leaven worked until suddenly men woke up to the danger which was threatening their comfort, and tried to win all women back to the fast thinning ranks of gentleman-petters by calling them "strong-minded" as a term of reproach. As its opposite, weak-minded, was also a term of reproach, women's minds seemed in a bad way, so they just went calmly on and did not care, until—here we are!

Perhaps it was an unconscious, instinctive, if feeble, brand of Pragmatism which inspired these early rebels in the ranks of the meek sisterhood. Perhaps they felt that the greatest good for men in the long run could be achieved by jolting their comfort a little, and so make them take notice of the bog of selfishness gentleman-petting was creating to snare their feet, and by putting up a few signs, "No trespassing," help them to keep to the path. That is a boomerang kind of argument, for if it is true, it is gentleman-petting raised to the *n*th power.

American blood is an odd mixture, made up as it is of revolt (or we never should have left pleasant England), Plymouth Rock, the Boston Tea Party, the Declaration of Independence, and an astonishingly fine climate. All these things have made us a bit restless under the old rule of not speaking until spoken to, and being thankful for the great honor of being allowed to serve man kneeling. Men's amazing cleverness in making us believe for so long a time that we were the pampered sex (when we were really the dray horses and scape-goats of humanity), and that we ought to do the family mending, makes us all bow low before them in admiration of such an achievement; but at the same time we mentally stick out our tongues, for the first we know now is not true, and the second we hate. If long ages of gentleman-petting had not dulled their wits a little, they never would have let us find out that we were not really in clover, and

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that mending was not one of the great and noble joys of life; and we might have stayed patient Griseldas to the end.

If we look about us in our mother's generation we can see what remains of this gentle art. There are a few who still have the flame lighted in their hearts, though it does not burn with the steady self-effacing ardor of earlier times. However, there is enough to amaze us, with our hard-as-nails attitude toward life. A true gentleman-petter of the only kind left to us has a gentle and sweet and self-sacrificing nature; her comfort and pleasure come last; she remembers how many sugar lumps each lordly male—for in her heart of hearts they are still that—likes in his coffee, and the proper proportion of hot milk and cream, and just where the morning paper is to be placed. She harasses the cook, who is generally not a gentleman-petter at all, about the toast and eggs; she sees that his boots and clothes are kept unspotted from the world; she gives up all kinds of pleasures to watch over his comfort; and he is usually supremely unconscious of it all and takes it like the gentle dew from Heaven.

Do you remember what a gentleman-petter Candida was? And do you remember that amazing study of the result of gentleman-petting, Sir Willoughby Patterne, and the very acme of the process, his marriage? It was no wonder he was an egoist.

And now what about the future? We have seen what the past was, what the present is, and we cannot go very much further without falling over the opposite edge, and from having too much have none at all. Shall we swing like a pendulum? Shall we be like the grand old Duke of York who first marched up a hill one day, and then marched down again?

If you, gentle reader, (delightful phrase!) are a man and a true gentleman, you will stop here, for I am going to tell a secret which is not meant for you. One extreme is as bad as the other, and I believe that every woman is a little—well, I won't tell the rest, for you might read it, and the women know it anyway.

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ON THE STREET

Witter Bynner

THE PASSERBY

Put that away, don't whine at me with that.
I'll give you something if you'll quit your bluff.

THE MAN WITH THE TESTAMENT

No, honest, Mister, by this book I live,
It's food and drink to me, this little book.
I haven't any overcoat, but warmth
Comes in my pocket from my Testament.
Honest to God, my Saviour warms my soul,
Also my body, like a miracle.
It's food and drink to me, this little book.
I'm like a blind man and it leads me round.

THE PASSERBY

It's what you live on, yes. You know your game,
The kind of fools you meet and how to fetch 'em.
There's quicker warmth in alcohol, old man.
Put that away. Take this and get a drink.

THE MAN WITH THE TESTAMENT

Yes, sir, you're talking, and I guess you're white.
But, God, the Bible catches 'em. I thought
It out one night. The Gospel says the poor
Is here for keeps. You see, that pleases those
As has good money and their neighbors none.
They're glad to pay me something when I say
That Christ has taught me to be satisfied,
It kind of eases 'em along their way;
It's food and drink to me, this little book.

THE PASSERBY

Use it, old man, use it for all it's worth.
A better use is coming by and by

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From that same book, but you'll be dead by then.
Remember that he said, "Give us our bread,"
Before he said, "Forgive our trespasses."

THE MAN WITH THE TESTAMENT

You're white, you are. So let me tell you this.
I was an acrobat. I travelled with a show
Seventeen years. I fell and hurt my spine.
I couldn't do my business any more.
Tumbling was all I knew, I'd worked at it
So long. I always hoped to work at it
Again. And while I tried for other jobs
And always got turned down week after week,
I drank a bit. The drink got hold of me—
And here I am, sir, with my Testament.

THE PASSERBY

What do you live for? What's ahead of you?
What makes you want to keep alive, old man?

THE MAN WITH THE TESTAMENT

I'm always hoping something'll turn up
To put me back again where I belong.
And if it don't, I have a job all right,
A job they can't take from me. Listen here.
There's fellows, young ones, coming out of work,
Joining the bread-line, and I talk to 'em,
Tell 'em my story, how a man can toil
Seventeen years and then be left like this.
And that's my job, to make 'em discontent,
Me that Christ teaches to be satisfied.
I am! My job's a job worth living for.
Something may come of it when men like me
Can think enough and make the young ones think.
Thank you, I'll take it, if you'll let me buy
One drink apiece for us? . . . Here's how, young
man!

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THE GERMAN BERNARD SHAW

H. F. Rubinstein

HERMANN BAHR *is his name.* He is practically unknown in this country. To opera-goers, as the mythical husband of the wonderful lady who created Clytemnestra in Strauss's *Elektra,* he is, perhaps, vaguely familiar. Also (characteristically) a few performances have been given of one of his worst plays. But he is a great man: Nordau denounced him in his *Degeneration:*

"Bahr is an advanced hysteric who must at all costs get himself talked about. . . . He seeks to captivate attention by the maddest eccentricities. . . . Not a single author of any individuality who has passed before his eyes has been able to escape his rage for servile imitation."

British Philistia, it will be remembered, put up much the same defence to the Shavian assault—at much the same time. Bahr himself, a few years later, in an open letter to his Irish confrère, —one of the earliest manifestations of the Teutonic appreciation that so quickly provided the latter's first and most lasting vogue —was humorously explicit in recognizing the parallel:

"If it is true, as I am always being told, that you are the English Hermann Bahr, I the German Bernard Shaw (I don't know for which of us this is the more insulting!), what fun it would be for us to examine each other from all sides, like the two Dromios—the one from Ephesus, and the one from Syrakus —and 'draw cuts for the senior'."

It is more than probable—both Dromios being ardent Bayreuthards—that this historical meeting has long since taken place; we have no record of it. In the meantime, and in view of the almost incredible ignorance of one of the most delightful modern German writers that prevails in this country, a tentative preliminary comparison may, perhaps, not be unacceptable.

Bahr, like Shaw,—and this must be the basis of any such comparison—is the possessor of a magnetic personality which he is incapable of keeping out of his work for a single instant; . . . "who must at all costs get himself talked about"—and

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who *is* talked about, even by people like Nordau. Like Shaw, again, he "takes his own where he finds it," quite deliberately, quite shamelessly, and he finds it in much the same places. By the curious freak that so often leads an author unconsciously to betray his deepest secrets in an intended analysis of some congenial spirit, Bahr has well marked the point of cleavage between the two personalities in the following apparently imaginary record of Shaw's activities:

"The first Marxist in England, intoxicated with visions of the future. Suddenly dispelled—a disillusionment! He burst into the art world, on Wagner's behalf. The first Wagnerite in England. Again intoxicated. Next a painting phase, then the theatre—always a new intoxicant—always a new disillusionment. His secret is: he can live only in crazes,—and none is lasting."

For this, as Julius Bab has pointed out, happens to be Bahr's own particular secret. For the last twenty years and more, movement after movement, under Bahr's patronage, has made its début into German Intellectual Society—and its exit. He rides on top of the wave, only to flit off on to its successor, as it breaks. *"Immer ein neuer Rausch—und keiner hält."*

He is a rolling stone—but of an unproverbial variety, for he gathers moss all the time. A busy bee, he does more than sip each passing flower, he absorbs, he assimilates. He has room for everything. He expresses everything. Impressionist to an almost irritating degree ("not a single author of any individuality," etc., as Nordau put it) he revels in the deeper currents of the Zeitgeist—and keeps his head and hold amid the whirlpool. Shaw is with him there, but under different conditions. Shaw is anchored fast to a solid foundation; Bahr treads quicksand. Shaw is never irresponsible, and there is unity and strength of purpose in all his work. Bahr is a "wandering Jew,"—but one to whom wandering is a sport and a joy.

Bahr, like Shaw, possesses the Nietzschean secret, indispensable in these days, of laughing at oneself. But he goes further: he laughs at his ideas, at his ideals. This is a mistake, perhaps even a crime. Idealists may be ridiculous, but ideals are sublime. Shaw never laughs at ideals. To that extent he is a Puritan. To that extent Nietzsche was a Puritan. Shaw is an

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idealist, a rigid idealist; in the rigidity of his idealism he has found his material for Comedy, according to the Bergson formula. Bahr is an idealist—every now and again: his comedy is formed out of the reaction from his occasional idealisms.

If idealists are ridiculous, he would seem to reason, idealism is wrong. This, by the way, to give him his due, was the attitude of Molière, in whom love of the common man and his healthy, lazy egoism produced a consistent hatred of everything that tended to make him serious. And Bahr, at least, is never consistent in this attitude. A situation strikes him, and he "flops" it out. As he happens to be an Intellectual of the first order (Molière was never this), most of these situations involve a conflict between man and those almost monotonously many New Moralities which so bewilder him these days. Sometimes the New Morality comes out top, more often it is laughed out of court—though never without a certain sneaking "recommendation to mercy." For man, in any event, there is always sympathy, and to spare. Indeed, there is sympathy all around. It's only a game, after all (we gather). Everybody's right—everything's true—everywhere is laughter, laughter, laughter. . . .

And even here he is not consistent. We find among his plays a tragedy prefaced with the opening bars of the Prelude to the Third Act of *Tristan*—an almost unpardonable encroachment on his neighbor Schnitzler's domain. On occasion, too, he can sink to the comparative banalities of eroticism. Shaw, rooted in his "Puritanism," never deviates from his Comedic policy. He sees and depicts the comic side of tragedies—deliberately, *religiously,* one might almost say. He believes in the permeation of laughter, as a spiritual medicine, as in the permeation of Socialist ideas on a more practical plane. Bahr, in the mood, is extraordinarily akin to him. When he is Shavian he is very, very Shavian. . . .

As in *Josephine*—a delightful and solitary excursion into history: Laurence Irving, it may be recalled, was to have given it to us this autumn. It is a Napoleon play—on strictly anti-romantic lines: the last curtain a master-stroke of irony. The "Man of Destiny" has begun to find himself recognized as a hero—or, rather, to find himself expected to be recognized as

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such. In despair he has sent for Talma, the great heroic actor, and implores him to teach him how the effect is produced. Talma proceeds to instruct him. Quite by accident, in the search for an appropriate gesture, he hits upon the historic Napoleon pose —without which, we need hardly point out, no stage presentation of the great Corsican has hitherto been complete. Napoleon jumps at it, and, quickly initiated, sallies forth to impress his generals; his wife, who has entered at the moment, remaining doubled up with laughter at the sight. . . . We are reminded of " The Dark Lady of the Sonnets " and the Shavian " showing up " of Shakespeare.

In *Der Meister* we have a particularly apt illustration of the weakness—to give it a name—that distinguishes Bahr from his Fabian affinity, the play happening to turn on the precise situation analyzed by Shaw in his " nonage " novel, *The Irrational Knot.* In both works we find a super-husband (Shavian brand) united to a human—all-too-human—wife. The super-husband must never for a moment relax his perfect hold over his emotions. From the Olympian heights of his Reason and Sanity he pours out his contempt for mere mortals and their frailties, to the gradual unnerving and estranging of his partner, who finally, in despair, contrives to break the " irrational knot " by an elopement with an equally all-too-human mate. The supreme test for the Superman: How will he take it? Remember, he is fond of his wife (rather illogically, it must be confessed!). It is ostensibly a blow for him—that is the Drama of the situation. But will he succumb, will he lose his self-mastery, will he be human—above all, will he *admit* his humanity? For Shaw there is no question about it. His hero hardly flinches, and never wavers in his convictions. " You are too wise, Ned," sighs his wife, at the moment of parting.

" ' It is impossible to be too wise, dearest,' he said, and unhesitatingly turned and left her."

That is the end of the book. " Unhesitatingly "! Cold-blooded? But " dearest "? Perhaps only strong, noble, Titanic:

" Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent."

Bahr's hero appears to do all these things. He practically admits that he has been wrong, " too wise." He is not strong

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enough—and nobody is, it is suggested—for his faith. The quicksand has given, the kaleidoscope has shifted. The play leaves one with a feeling of depression.

The real Bahr—or the nearest approach to one—appears, perhaps, more completely in the somewhat fantastic *Ringelspiel.* A jolly old gentleman, he romps about the sands with little children, while their elders indulge in all manner of shocking affairs. "Der Ernst is drüben," he says, which may be translated, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world." No propagandist—no moralist—only a benevolent, wise, forgiving old man—a sort of Hans Sachs, a sort of male Monna Lisa who "has been a diver in deep seas and keeps their fallen day about her." . . . Shaw wouldn't stand him at any price. Nor will Bahr, the next moment. . . .

In methods and technique there is no more than a surface resemblance between the two. Bahr is even more copious and minute in his stage directions, but they are purely directory, they do not sparkle. His dialogue is smart Viennese, which is nearer (and indeed very near) Granville Barker—never direct, but profound, suggestive, *geistreich,* almost brilliant. . . .

Bahr—unlike Shaw—is a master of the Novel—as well as of the Dramatic technique. Like him, again, it was his critical and publicist work that first "set the Thames on fire" for him.

Though domiciled—and very much at home—in Vienna, he was born of German parents, and in Germany. His jubilee (he was born in 1863) was acclaimed throughout the Teutonic world. There only remains to note the inevitable reaction against him, as against all men of his age and standing. The Younger Generation is knocking at the door—*c'est son métier!*

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THE LITERACY TEST

THE HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN

[In view of the grave importance of the subject, we reprint Senator O'Gorman's speech on the Regulation of Immigration.—*Editor*.]

MR. O'GORMAN: Mr. President, I am opposed to the literacy test embodied in the pending bill; but, if it is to be the judgment of the Senate that it should be retained, I am in favor of the amendment now pending, which extends the immunity class of aliens so as to embrace those who are escaping racial persecution as well as political and religious persecution.

Mr. President, when it is proposed to abandon a policy which has contributed much to the greatness of the Republic, the advocates of the plan might properly be expected to present some reasons justifying the departure which they recommend. The reasons that have been advanced are not persuasive to me, and to my mind furnish a wholly inadequate basis for the suggestion that a policy which has been favored by this Government since its beginning should now be cast aside.

The policy of the American Government has always been to encourage free and unrestricted immigration. We have held out our country as the asylum of the oppressed of all the world, and because of that policy we have seen our settlement of three millions of people, scattered along the Atlantic coast, grow in a little more than a century to one of the great and powerful nations of the earth.

What reasons are suggested for the abandonment of this policy at this time? It is said that ignorance is a menace in a republic. I deny it. Ignorance may be a misfortune, but it ill becomes a nation boasting our ideals to penalize the victims of that misfortune. Besides, this proposed literacy test, which is designed to check and prevent immigration, is not confined to the exclusion of the ignorant. A man may be illiterate and yet not ignorant. It has been within the observation of all of us that there are many intelligent men who are nevertheless illiterate, as that term is understood. My mind reverts to a citizen of a Southern State who was one of the most intelligent men in his community, and yet he could neither read nor write. He was a good, law-abiding, industrious citizen, willing to support his Government in time of peace and, if need be, in time of war to give his life in defence of the liberties of the Republic. Was he an undesirable citizen? He was without education, but a son of that illiterate was elevated to the high post of Attorney-General of his State and another son came to the House of Representatives and made a brilliant reputation that survived his departure from that body.

I knew a resident of a New England State who never knew the privilege of learning to read and write, but he was a good, honest, industrious

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citizen. I would match his patriotism against that of any member of this body. In his simple way he contributed something to the community in which he lived, and when he died his influence permeated that State in the splendid achievements of two of his sons who had won rank and reputation as clergymen, and another who was elevated to the bench of one of the high courts of another State. No, Senators, it is a mistake to urge that an illiterate is ignorant; I deny it.

Those aliens who are undesirable are provided against by other and specific provisions of this bill. Of course it is said that while this system may not be the best means of excluding undesirable aliens, it is, nevertheless, as good as any that has been proposed. I deny that. We have in other parts of this bill safe and adequate provisions tending to exclude from our shores all undesirable aliens. It provides for the exclusion specifically of all immigrants who are mentally, morally, and physically unfit. We provide for the exclusion of the criminal and the vicious. We provide specifically for the exclusion of all who may become a charge upon any State or upon any community. How much further should you go? Have you not embraced within those classes all who would be undesirable? If you have, what excuse is there for imposing for the first time in the history of the Republic an educational test upon those who seek the opportunities and are willing to assume the burdens of living with us in this country?

Why, Senators, if this educational test had been applied years ago its operation would have excluded the parents of at least one if not two citizens of this Republic who have occupied the White House. It would have excluded from our shores Nancy Hanks, the sainted mother of Abraham Lincoln. It would have made impossible the entrance into our country of President Andrew Johnson, who never knew how to write his name or read a line until he was taught by his wife after his marriage. If that test had been applied years ago, there are honorable and distinguished members of this exalted body who would not to-day be occupying seats in this Chamber.

Senators, we are all a nation of immigrants. Every white man in the United States to-day is either an immigrant or the descendant of an immigrant. How can you justify yourselves now in violating the ideals that you have preached for a century and, with the quintessence of selfishness and ingratitude, be willing to close the doors and shut the gates upon those unhappy people in other lands who are looking forward to the day when they may be free men upon the free soil of this great Republic?

It is suggested that by permitting free and unrestricted immigration we are doing some injustice to American workmen; that the foreigner comes into competition with American labor. Senators, that has been true for a century; and what is the result of this competition, such as it has been, for that long time? In no place in all the world are the wages of the laborer and workman so high and the hours of service so short as in the United States.

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But it is not correct to say that the immigrant comes into competition with American workmen. The work that every succeeding generation of immigrants does is the work that the American will not do. They carry on the tiresome grind with which the American workman will not stain his hand. It is the most unremunerative work. It is the work of building your railroads, of excavating your tunnels, and doing all of that class of work that fortunately the American workman does not find it necessary for him to undertake. Check this immigration and you paralyze our development and arrest the progress of the nation. We have no better educated nor more patriotic citizenship than the children of the sturdy, though illiterate, aliens who throng to our shores. The percentage of literacy among the children of alien parentage is far higher than among the children of native whites. Immigrants and their offspring have done their share in building up our country and developing its resources. Unskilled labor, which the country needs on the farm and in the workshops and in great mining and railroading enterprises, must necessarily be recruited from the illiterate aliens. The value of the immigrant does not depend upon his ability to read 40 words. It depends upon his industrial capacity, his usefulness for the work of the country, and his probable behavior as a law-abiding citizen. A man meeting these reasonable tests has an economic value which it would be unwise to destroy. A man may be able to read 40 words and yet meet none of these safe and sane requirements which make for character and usefulness.

It is suggested as a reason for this extraordinary departure in our national policies that our country is now crowded, and that policies that we might have permitted 60 or 70 years ago cannot safely be continued. Why, Senators, we have in continental United States 3,000,000 square miles of territory, an area twelve times as large as that of Germany. If it be assumed that we have a population of 100,000,000, it means that at the present time we have an average of but 33 persons for every square mile of United States territory. Before the disastrous war that is now afflicting Europe the average population there was 500 persons to the square mile. In Belgium alone it was 650 persons to the square mile. If we assume that a country will maintain 500 persons to the square mile—and the experience of all history demonstrates that that number can be maintained—then, with our vast area, we shall not be overcrowded, we shall not even approach that condition, until we have a population of 1,500,000,000, something which, in the course of nature, if it ever occurs, cannot occur for many centuries.

There are in this country vast tracts of uncultivated and undeveloped land. Why should we not encourage the ambitious, the sturdy, the industrious alien to come and help us till and develop these sections of our country? Our country is in need of development through industrious muscle and brawn. We should welcome men of enterprise, of push, of energy.

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The aliens who seek admission to our country are men of this type or they would not come. The man who leaves his home and friends in Europe and undergoes the hardship and danger of a long ocean voyage, stimulated by the hope of bettering his condition in life, must be a man of energy and ambition, and these qualities make for desirable citizenship. Our country with its vast area is comparatively uninhabited. We have room and pressing need for more people in time of peace as well as in time of war. Our natural increase is insufficient for the needs and development of our country.

Extraordinary as this departure is from a governmental standpoint, the attitude of the Democratic party on this question is still more extraordinary. From the earliest days the Democratic party has been the liberal party. It has been the party that was always prepared to extend a welcome to the foreigner if he was worthy to take his place in this country. It is not surprising that the Republican party takes the other side of this proposition. It has declared in its national platform in favor of a literacy qualification. The Democratic party never made such a declaration, and the representatives of the Democratic party have no commission from the people of the country to give their aid and encouragement to an un-Democratic and un-American law which excludes the worthy foreigner from a place in this Republic. Presidents Cleveland and Taft have vetoed similar laws, and as recently as 1892 the Democratic party, in national convention, declared as follows:

We condemn and denounce any and all attempts to restrict the immigration of the industrious and worthy of foreign lands.

Enact this law and you repudiate this declaration.

Now, Mr. President, I should like to say a word intended especially for my Democratic brethren. The political prospects of our party are not as bright as we would like them to be to-day. Republicans are asserting, with apparent confidence, that in the contest two years from now the Democratic party will be unable to carry a single State north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. Some little support is given to those Republican claims by a declaration made but a day or two ago by the Governor of a great Democratic State in the South. Political predictions two years in advance are not of much value, and I believe these Republican predictions will not be realized. But we should not ignore the existing conditions. One thing is certain, there is no demand in the North for this literacy inhibition and disqualification. Do you wish to make our struggle two years from now worse than it naturally must be by estranging from us thousands and hundreds of thousands who, if this bill is passed, will say that while the Republican party was once the exclusive party, the Democratic party has taken its place, and having repudiated its historic attitude toward the foreign-born has now become the party of exclusion?

I urge you, Senators, before you give your approval to this literacy test, to think of our political necessities in the North. In this connection let me

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say frankly, and with the best and kindest spirit, that I cannot understand why my distinguished brethren from Southern States, who are comparatively strangers to the immigration problem, are so insistent that immigration must be checked when the number of foreign illiterates in their States is insignificant; only 1,000, 2,000, or 3,000 in some instances, while even among the white natives the illiteracy runs as high as fifty and seventy thousand. Why, I ask, are those who apparently are not immediately concerned with this great problem so insistent upon closing the doors to the worthy alien who is ambitious to enjoy the opportunities and to assume the responsibilities that attach to our citizenship?

Let me assure you, Senators, that there is no demand in the Democratic party in the North for this restrictive policy, for this repudiation of the professions of the Democratic party of 125 years. The great Democracy of New York has not asked for it; and I want to say again, and remind my Southern friends, that it may happen in the future, as it has happened in the past, that when the solid Democracy of the South looked upon the horizon the only kindly, sympathetic spot on this continent which gave comfort to their gaze and encouragement to their hopes was the State of New York, which did not falter in its devotion to the Democratic party when a hostile political doctrine dominated the rest of the country excepting the Southern States.

You have heard from the distinguished senior Senator from New Jersey [Mr. Martine], who is competent to speak for the Democracy of his State. He protests against it. I have not yet heard a single favorable opinion of the proposed policy from anyone competent to speak for the Democracy of the North. Surely the great State so well represented by my distinguished friend from Illinois [Mr. Lewis] does not ask for it, and will protest against it. What is to be gained by it?

I ask those who advocate this restrictive policy what is to be gained by it? We need immigration. Why, we need it more than some of us appreciate. Do you stop to realize that the birth rate among the native Americans is year by year getting lower and lower? Fortunately, in that respect we are not so badly off as France, but we may profit by her example. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War—44 years ago—France had a population of 37,000,000; Germany had 40,000,000. In the intervening 44 years the population of Germany has increased to 70,000,000, while the French are almost where they were 44 years ago, because they only show a net increase of 2,000,000. If we do not encourage foreign immigration, the consequences will be upon our own heads; the misfortune will be felt by the American people.

Mr. President, the agitation for the exclusion of the immigrant at this time seems to be one of the manifestations of hysteria now afflicting the American people. They want change. They want experiment. There was a time in our history when we were regarded as an indestructible Union

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of indestructible States. Nearly every one of the great propositions urged in the Congress in the recent past has been entirely destructive of State rights. The wisdom of the fathers is no longer respected. There are those who think they can improve upon the work of the venerable men who made our constitution. A movement is now engaging the attention of the country by which a number of States are eager to impose on unwilling States their belief in prohibition. There are other States that are seeking to impose on unwilling States their views regarding woman suffrage. In the consideration of this bill there are States having no immediate interest in the subject that are striving to interfere with the liberty of the States that are willing to encourage immigration—they want immigration. When will an end come to this extraordinary hysteria and its manifestations?

Mr. President, for myself, I believe this proposed legislation unwise and destructive of the best interests of this country. I hope it will not have the approval of this body. If, unfortunately, it should receive its approval, then I hope the amendment which was proposed by the distinguished and able Senator from Colorado [Mr. Thomas] and to which I took the liberty of proposing an amendment, will be adopted; that is, that the classes to be immune from the literacy test shall not only be those who come to this land seeking to escape religious and political persecution, but that they shall also embrace those who come here seeking to escape racial persecution.

What is the reason for any differentiation of those three elements? It is persecution whose victims we are trying to relieve by this legislation. We might eliminate all these adjectives and say that an alien shall not be required to comply with the literacy test if he comes here seeking to escape persecution. It is of little concern to us whether the persecution he is escaping is religious, political, or racial. It is the persecution itself which ought to warrant us in making a reservation in this bill if, unhappily, we adopt the literacy test.

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ROBERT BRIDGES' NARCISSUS

CORA DAVIS

THE scholar—not the archæologist, but the one-time man of letters—seems to have been stripped of certain attributes with which he had been long fortuitously invested. So many bright young men have acquired the trick of the pen; men who in the past would have been busy fighting, trading or otherwise conducting themselves as became substantial members of a community. But whatever the bright young men have learned to do with their pens—more accurately, their typewriters—the figure of the scholar remains as it always has, apart. For after all, scholarliness is chiefly a matter of temperament.

In fact it is doubtful if the scholar himself was ever admired extravagantly. Rather a certain by-product of his became confused in popular thought with his real work and his real attitude. In the beginning the mysteries of his craft were so closely allied to magic that they made a harrowing impression on the ruck of humanity. Later, culture became a fetich—that too, a "harrowing" of the soul. "Ut ager quamvis fertilis sine cultura fructosus esse non potest, sic sine doctrina animus." Hence the scholar and his ways seemed admirable, worthy of reverence to those whose deepest personal concern was to get through the world well-fed and well-clothed. Yet the thing that won him universal affection and esteem was always this by-product of his.

But now letters are everybody's property; and everywhere ambitious young men are bending their energies to the manufacture of this by-product. (How many thousand pages of "light reading" found publication last year?) Its production pays and is consequently a matter of sound business sense. Those who have taken it up are "making good" gloriously—employing the foresight and ability that could have been used in operating vast irrigation projects or crowding wheat up ten points. Not particularly thin-skinned, these writing people. Willing—nay glad—to manufacture what the trade calls for; ready with their consignments on stated dates; keen to open up new fields for salesmanship; anxious to please; everything done on business princi-

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ples. Consequently the earth is flooded with a fine imitation of scholarly by-products; the bright young men grow rich; the public is pleased; and the scholar, having his own interests, is not especially worried. Thus does the world move on, and human nature spend its energies.—But the scholar has undoubtedly lost much of his prestige.

It is true that in times and places people are raising their voices against this imitation by-product. But then some customers are always dissatisfied. The manufacturer and the salesman are used to reckoning with them. And if ever public taste does desert these manufacturers they will undoubtedly be the first to note from what corner the wind is blowing. They will close up shop and invest their talents in some more profitable industry: perhaps by that time, air lines to Mars.

Meanwhile the scholar persists and will persist because his very existence is a matter of temperament. Human beings so endowed occur everywhere with pitiful frequency; pitiful because only a few of them can find adequate self-expression. Nature is indiscriminate in her allotment of the gift. She bestows the capability on women, who will fret out small, dissatisfied, yearning lives. She gives it to poor boys who become failures in those avocations to which it has apparently pleased God to call them. She gives it to those who are fated to be rovers on the edges of the world, far away from places where language lovers might serve. She pays no attention to barriers of color or caste. And as those so endowed are proverbially bunglers at the sensible art of living comfortably, the earth is full of their unmarked graves.

Scholars form the hierarchy that keeps watch over the traditions of the past; they are the priests of Heliopolis who guard the Atlantean secrets of antiquity; the men who—it must be confessed—sometimes love the symbol more than the thing itself.

At recurrent intervals, some priest chooses a few of the oldest words and symbols with loving care; fuses them together after an ancient design; fashions a jewel of loveliness. It is a creation of love, a gift to the other watchers, a treasure to be prized by those into whose hands it shall fall.

Such a piece of work is Robert Bridges' *Narcissus*.

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The material from which it is fashioned is old, time-encrusted, a thing of loveliness to set men a-dream, pondering over the paths the human mind has travelled. Plato's doctrines are platitudes now, unless they come in some such form as *Narcissus*. "That which our senses affirm is but the shadow of reality," is wrought into the poem; and cunningly interwoven with it, is that even more ancient and at the same time more modern doctrine, pantheism. God is the universe; He is not extra-universal. More modern, for even the bright young men who are so clever with the pen hold that, many of them. Friedrich Paulsen's teachings are probably responsible for the converts American universities send out.

> "Almighty wondrous everlasting,
> Whether in a cradle of astral whirlfire,
> Or globed in a piercing star thou slumb'rest,
> The passionless body of God:
> Thou deep i' the core of earth—Almighty!—
> From numbing stress and gloom profound
> Madest escape in life, desirous
> To embroider her thin-spun robe."

What bright young man, firm in his conviction that he must enter the arena with a handspring, would venture a lead like that? "Almighty wondrous everlasting." Dust fairly rises from the words: yet this man of letters does not avoid them; and, as one looks at them, it is remarkable how exactly they mean what he wants to say. For Narcissus, as I take it, is the force of life; life itself; humanity; and therefore, according to pantheistic ideas, divinity too. From this point of view, "almighty," "wondrous" and "everlasting" are appropriate enough. He is using them correctly; it is others who have abused the words and belittled them by applying them to such trivial things as have stirred the small puddles of their respective souls.

The second line, however, presents the shining facets of a jewel.

> "—a cradle of astral whirlfire——"

There was a Victorian poet who ventured on a translation of the δῖνος of Empedocles. He called it an "astral whirligig."

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Perhaps he suffered from it in the days when he read Aristophanes with one thumb in the dictionary. If so he has avenged the trials of many a sophomore.

But this δῖνος, look you, is no joke, and Mr. Bridges with kind, tempered, Oxonian hand has restored it to its rightful place; let Aristophanes and the Victorians laugh as they will. Under Mr. Bridges' care it becomes once more the δῖνος of Euripides' *Alcestis;* of Lucretius; the δῖνος Empedocles meant it to be: the fiery whirl of all created heaven; the force that keeps that whirl in motion; the very soul of God Himself. And then the genius of the man—the artist in him—sets its unmistakable seal on the line by the whimsicality of the next stroke: to speak of this supernal force as a cradle—as it is, of course. The cradle of Narcissus, of life.

The next line has its glittering facet too.

> "Or globed in a piercing star thou slumb'rest——"

Here the force of life is quiescent——

> "—the passionless body of God."

For God is the Universe and the world is His body. In such wise do these doctrines that were old before our era began shape themselves into new verses for those who spend their short lives watching over the infinite life of song and story.

The lines carry their hints of lighter things too; reminiscences of phrase, gleaned from the entire course of the ages. "Deep i' the core of earth" is Shakespearean. He played that trick with the "i'" and "earth." "How now, old mole, canst work i' the earth so fast?"

"Gloom profound" raises a cloud of memories. One might mention in passing this phrase of George Sterling's:

> "O'er blue profounds mysterious whence glow
> The coals of Tartarus."

While "thin-spun robe" is simply the Miltonic "Slits the thin-spun thread" (*Lycidas*).

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After the reflections caused by the weighty opening verse, the second comes with lyrical freshness.

> " 'Twas down in a wood—they tell—
> In a running water thou sawest thyself
> Or leaning over a pool. The sedges
> Were twinn'd at the mirror's brim:
> The sky was there and the trees—Almighty!—
> A bird of a bird and white clouds floating,
> And seeing thou knewest thine own image
> And lov'd it beyond all else."

Which is nothing less than a charming translation of Ovid's setting for his *Narcissus*.

> " Fons erat inlimis, nitidis argenteus undis—
> Gramen erat circa—
> Silvaque sole locum passura tepescere nullo—
> —faciemque loci fontemque secutus."

In this second verse Mr. Bridges makes his concession to the influence of modernism. " The sky was there and the trees " he says with a naïveté whose affectation deceives nobody. But even here he is only following traditions, recent ones. However, he is singularly unsuccessful when he takes a pointer from the bright young men around him; and in fact the next line is little short of disastrous. The one flaw in the poem. Who could read " A bird of a bird and white clouds floating " without the tribute of a smile?

Also, in this unfortunate place, again occurs that word, " Almighty "—a sort of " selah " effect. Surely it is unnecessary to bring an affectation of rapture to a scholarly and polished dissertation on life. Mr. Bridges was experimenting with metres, not prostrated by his own emotions when he was composing *Narcissus*.

Is it possible that at first *Narcissus* was a simpler poem? Not so different from Ovid's perhaps, with a few lines of eclectic philosophy for a close? And the close so impressed Mr. Bridges that he worked it over into his beautiful first and third verses. Such things do happen in workshops. And he is essentially a craftsman. Neither primitive enough nor great enough to be

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overwhelmed by other men's thoughts which he has made his own.

"Lov'd it beyond all else" is so beautiful a translation of the Ovidian "uritur illo" that it should be inserted in all Ovid vocabularies as soon as possible.

> "Then wondering didst thou speak
> Of beauty and wisdom of art and worship,
> Didst build the fanes of Zeus and Apollo
> The high cathedrals of Christ.
> All that we love is thine—Almighty!—
> Heartfelt music and lyric song.
> Language, the eager grasp of knowledge,
> All that we think is thine."

Γνῶθι σεαυτόν—there is another phrase to set the mind wandering from the temple at Delphi, down through Platonic, Xenophonian, Ciceronian byways. For the scholar the beauty of the thought, the words, the letters are one—γνῶθι σεαυτόν. When Narcissus saw himself he had accomplished this precept, according to Mr. Bridges' happy thought. And from this knowledge arose "art," "worship," "love," "music," "song," "language," the "eager grasp of knowledge."

However, these splendid realities leave the mind unsatisfied. "But whence?—Whence and whither?" the closing lines ask.

> "But whence?—Beauteous everlasting!—
> Whence and whither? Hast thou mistaken?
> Or dost forget?——"

It is perhaps the very oldest question. Those who receive this poem of Mr. Bridges, poring over it, are set adrift on the stream of thought that has been in the mind of man always, and has been given various pathetic and powerful forms.

"Quid sit porro ipse animus, aut ubi, aut unde, magna dissensio est," said Cicero.

> "Into this Universe and why not knowing,
> Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing,
> And out of it, as wind along the waste,
> I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing,"

writes Fitzgerald in his Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.

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And before going on and speaking of the answer—the old answer which Mr. Bridges surprisingly presents to this old, old question—let us pause for a moment over that phrase, "Beauteous everlasting." Do you remember where you have heard that before? Where but to be sure in *Sentimental Tommy,* of all places! Only the adjective there is "Beautiful," I believe.

And now to the answer to the question. The astounding answer—

"——Look again! Thou seest
A shadow and not thyself."

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EIGHT HUNDRED RUBLES

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

The combined living room and kitchen of a peasant house. Before an open fire, where supper is in preparation, stoops a girl of about sixteen. It is evening and dusk is growing. Vines hang outside and the light of a rising moon comes through the window.

GIRL

[*Singing*]
The heart's an open inn,
And from the four winds fare
Vagrants blind with care,
Waifs that limp with sin;
Ghosts of what has been,
Wraiths of what may be:
But one shall bring the sacred gift—
And which is he?

And with their wounds of care
And with their scars of sin,
All these shall enter in
To find a welcome there;
And he who gives with prayer
Shall be the richer host:
For surely unto him shall come
The Holy Ghost.
[*Ceases singing and stares into fire*]
What if he'd vanish like a dream one keeps
No more than starshine when the morning breaks!
I'll look again.
[*Arises, goes softly to open window and looks out into garden*]
How peacefully he sleeps!
The red rose shields him from the moon that makes
The garden like a witch tale whispered low.
He came a stranger, yet he is not strange;
For O, how often I have dreamed it so,
Until a sudden, shivering gust of change
Went over things, making the cow-sheds flare
On fire with splendor while one might count three,
And riding swiftly down the populous air,
Prince-like, he came for me.

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There were no banners when he really came,
No clatter of brave steel chafing in the sheath,
No trumpets blown to hoarseness with his fame.
Silently trudging over the dusky heath,
Clad in a weave of twilight, shod with dew,
Weary he came and hungry to the door.
The lifting latch made music, and I knew
My Prince was dream no more.

Perhaps he always comes so—like a guest
Unbidden, with an ache of dragging feet;
Not king-like, but a traveller seeking rest
And just a bite to eat.
Yet surely 'tis the purpose of God's plan
That the great love fail not to keep its tryst:
One feeds one's lover in a hungry man,
And love is Christ.
What if this dream should not endure the day,
But vanish as the charmed night frays and fades,
And he should take his pack and be away
Into a world of other waiting maids?
Still 'twas my Prince who hungered and was fed,
For surely in the land where he may be,
Some other dreaming girl has given my bread
To him who seeks for me.
[*Sings low*]
O weary heart and sore,
O yearning eyes that blur,
A hand that drips with myrrh
Is knocking at the door!
The waiting time is o'er,
Be glad, look up and see
How splendid is a dream come true—
'Tis he! 'tis he!
[*During the latter part of the song, the back door opens and the father and mother enter, stooped beneath heavy packs*]

MOTHER

What's this, eh? Howling like a dog in heat,
Snout to the moon! And not a bite to eat,
And the pot scorching like the devil's pit!
Bestir yourself there, will you! Here you sit
Tra-la-ing while the supper goes to wrack,

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And your old father like to break his back,
Tramping from market!

FATHER

Tut, tut! Girls must sing,
And one burned supper is a little thing
In seventy creeping years.

MOTHER

Ah, there it goes!
My hunger makes no difference, I suppose!
Tra-la, tut tut, and I can slave and slave
Until my nose seems sniffing for a grave,
I'm bent so—and it's little that you care!

GIRL

[*Who has arisen from window and regards her mother as in a dream*]
Hush, Mother dear, you'll wake him!

MOTHER

Wake him? Where?
Who sleeps that should not wake? Are you bewitched?
Hush me again, and you'll be soundly switched!
As though I were a work brute to be dumb!
I'll talk my fill!

GIRL

O Mother, he has come——

MOTHER

[*Her body straightening slightly from its habitual stoop*]
Eh? Who might come that I would care to know
Since Ivan left?—He's dead.

FATHER

Aye, years ago,
And stubborn grieving is a foolish sin.

MOTHER

[*With the old weary voice*]
One's head runs empty and the ghosts get in
When one is old and stooped.
[*Peevishly to the girl*]
Bestir yourself!
Lay plates and light the candles on the shelf.
No corpse lies here that it should be so dark.
[*Girl, moving as in a trance, lights candles with a brand from the fireplace. Often she glances expectantly at the*

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window. The place is fully illumined]
What ails the hussy?

FATHER

'Tis a crazy lark
Sings in her head all day. Don't be too rough.
Come twenty winters, 'twill be still enough,
God knows!

MOTHER

[*At the fireplace*]
I heard no larks sing at her age.
They put me in the field to earn a wage
And be some use in the world.
[*To girl*]
What! Dawdling yet?
I'll lark you in a way you won't forget,
Come forty winters! Speak! What do you mean?

GIRL

[*Still staring at the window and speaking dreamily as to herself*]
Up from the valley creeps the loving green
Until the loneliest hill-top is a bride.

MOTHER

The girl's gone daft!

FATHER

'Tis vapors. Let her bide.
She's weaving bride-veils with a woof of the moon,
And every wind's a husband. All too soon
She'll stitch at grave-clothes in a stuff more stern.

GIRL

[*Arousing suddenly*]
I'm sorry that I let the supper burn—
'Tis all so sweet, I scarce know what I do—
He came——

MOTHER

Who came?

GIRL

A stranger that I knew;
And he was weary, so I took him in
And gave him supper, thinking 'twere a sin
That anyone should want and be denied.
And while he ate, the place seemed glorified,
As though it were the Saviour sitting there!

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It could not be the sunset bound his hair
Briefly with golden haloes—made his eyes
Such depths to gaze in with a dumb surprise
While one blinked thrice!—Then suddenly it passed,
And he was some old friend returned at last
After long years.

MOTHER

A pretty tale, indeed!
And so it was our supper went to feed
A sneaking ne'er-do-well, a shiftless scamp!

GIRL

O Mother, wasn't Jesus Christ a tramp?

MOTHER

Hush, will you! hush! 'Tis plain the Devil's here!
To think my only child should live to jeer
At holy things!

FATHER

Come, don't abuse the maid.
They say He was a carpenter by trade,
Yet no one ever saw the house He built.

MOTHER

So! Shield the minx! Make nothing of her guilt,
And let the Devil get her—as he will!
I'll hold my tongue and work, and eat my fill
From what the beggars leave, for all you care!
Quick! Where's this scoundrel?

GIRL

'Sh! He's sleeping there
Out in the garden.
[*Shows a gold piece*]
Mother, see, he paid
So much more than he owed us, I'm afraid.
We lose in taking, profit what we give.

MOTHER

[*Taking the coin*]
What! Gold? A clever bargain, as I live!
It's five times what the fowls brought!—Not so bad!
And yet—I'll wager 'tis not all he had—
Eh?

GIRL

No—eight hundred rubles in a sack!

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MOTHER

Eight—hundred—rubles! Yet the times are slack,
And coins don't spawn like fishes, Goodness knows!
I'll warrant he's some thief that comes and goes
About the country with a ready smile
And that soft speech that is the Devil's guile,
Nosing out hoards that reek with honest sweat!
Ha, ha—there's little here that he can get.
[*Goes to window softly, peers out, then closes the casement*]
Eight—hundred—rubles——

GIRL

Mother, had you heard
How loving kindness spoke in every word,
You could not doubt him. O, his eyes were mild,
And there were heavens in them when he smiled!

MOTHER

Satan can outsmile God.

GIRL

No, no, I'm sure
He brought some gift of good that shall endure
And be a blessing to us!

MOTHER

So indeed!
Eight—hundred—rubles—with the power to breed
Litters of copecks till one need not work!
Eight hundred hundred backaches somehow lurk
In that snug wallet.
[*To the father*]
What's the thing to do?

FATHER

It would be pleasant with a pot of brew
To talk until the windows glimmer pale.
'Tis good to harken to a traveller's tale
Of things far off where almost no one goes.

MOTHER

As well to parley with a wind that blows
Across fat fields, yet has no grain to share.
Rubles are rubles, and a tale is air.
I'll have the rubles!

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GIRL

[*Aghast*]

Mother! Mother dear!
What if 'twere Ivan sleeping far from here,
And some one else should do this sinful deed!

MOTHER

Had they not taken my son, I should not need
Eight hundred rubles now! The world's made wrong,
And I'll not live to vex it very long.
Who work should take their wages where they can.
It should have been my boy come back a man,
With this same goodly hoard to bring us cheer.
Now let some other mother peer and peer
At her own window through a blurring pane,
And see the world go out in salty rain,
And start at every gust that shakes the door!
What does a green girl know? You never bore
A son that you should prate of wrong and right!
I tell you, I have wakened in the night,
Feeling his milk-teeth sharp upon my breast,
And for one aching moment I was blest,
Until I minded that 'twas years ago
These flattened paps went milkless—and I know!

GIRL

O Mother! 'twould be sin!

MOTHER

Sin! What is that—
When all the world prowls like a hungry cat,
Mousing the little that could make us glad?

FATHER

Don't be forever grieving for the lad.
'Twas hard, but there are troubles worse than death.
Let's eat and think it over.

MOTHER

Save your breath,
Or share your empty prate with one another!
One moment makes a father, but a mother
Is made by endless moments, load on load.
[*Pause: then to girl*]
I left a bundle three bends down the road.
Go fetch it.

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GIRL

[*Pleadingly*]

Mother, promise not to do
This awful thing you think.

MOTHER

[*Seizing a stick from the fireplace*]

I'll promise you,
And pay in welts—you simpering hussy!
[*The girl flees through back door. After a pause the woman turns to the man*]
—Well?
Eight hundred rubles, and no tale to tell—
The fresh earth strewn with leaves—is that the plan?

FATHER

[*Startled*]

Eh?—That?—You mean—You would not kill a man?
Not that!

MOTHER

Eight—hundred—rubles.

FATHER

It is much.
Old folk might hobble far with less for crutch—
But murder!—Rubles spent are rubles still—
Blood squandered—'tis a fearsome thing to kill!
I know what rubles cost—they all come hard,
But life's the dearer.

MOTHER

Kill a hog for lard,
A thief for gold—one reason and one knife!
I tell you, gold is costlier than life!
What price shall we have brought when we are gone?
When Ivan died, the heartless world went on
Breeding more sons that men might still be cheap.
And who but I had any tears to weep?
I mind 'twas April when the tale was brought
That he'd been lost at sea. I thought and thought
About the way all things were mad to breed—
One big hot itch to suckle or bear seed—
And my boy dead!
Life costly?—Cheap as mud!
You want the rubles, sicken at the blood,
You grey old limping coward!

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FATHER

Come now, Mother!
I'd kill to live as lief as any other.
You women don't weigh matters like a man.
I like the gold—'tis true—but not the plan.
Why not put pebbles where the rubles were,
Then send him forth?

MOTHER

And set the place awhir
With a wind of tongues! I tell you, we must kill!
No tale dies harder than a tale of ill.
Once buried, he will tell none.

FATHER

Let me think—
I'll go down to the tavern for a drink
To whet my wits—belike the dread will pass.
[*He goes out through the back door, shaking his head in perplexity*]

MOTHER

[*Alone*]
He'll find a coward's courage in his glass—
Enough to dig a hole when he comes back.
[*She goes to shelf and snuffs the candles. The moon shines brightly through the window and the firelight glows. She takes a knife from a table drawer, feels the edge; goes to the window and peers out; turns about, uneasily scanning the room, then moves toward the side door, muttering*]
Eight hundred shining rubles in a sack!
[*She goes out softly and closes the door. After a considerable interval she reënters with a small bag which she is opening with nervous fingers. The moonlight falls upon her. Now and then she endeavors to shake something from her hands, which she finally wipes on her apron, muttering the while*]
When folks get rich they find their fingers dirty.
[*She counts the coins in silence for awhile, then aloud*]
Eight and twenty—nine and twenty—thirty—
[*Clutching a handful of gold, she suddenly stops counting and stares at the back door. There is the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps. The door flies open and the old man enters excitedly*]

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FATHER

Mother! Mother! Wake him! Wake him—quick!
'Tis Ivan with an old-time, merry trick—
They told me at the tavern—'tis our son!
[*Rushes toward the side door*]
Ivan! Ivan!
[*Stops abruptly, aghast at the look of the woman. The coins jangle on the floor*]
God! What have you done!
[*As the curtain falls, the singing voice of the returning girl is heard nearer and nearer*]

GIRL

[*Outside*]
O weary heart and sore,
O yearning eyes that blur,
A hand that drips with myrrh
Is knocking at the door!
The waiting time is o'er,
Be glad, look up and see
How splendid is a dream come true—
'Tis he! 'tis he!

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EDITORIAL NOTES

The Administration and the Nation

WHILE this note is being written, the Administration is confronted with matters of foreign policy requiring the most careful consideration. From day to day, other grave affairs may be expected to come up for adjustment. At such a time, when so much hangs in the balance for all the nations of the world, and so many people are embittered or distressed, it is the duty of everyone in this country to check all idle or ill-judged criticism; to refrain from harassing the Administration when united support is needed; and to make it evident that in no light spirit, and with no light sense of responsibility, we view the troubles of the world, and our own troubles, trying in all sincerity to do what can be done to minimize the abundant evils and prepare the way for a permanent peace and the obliteration of enmities. Only through such a spirit can complications be avoided which would add immeasurably to the sorrows of the world: only in such a spirit can we pass with national credit through the provocations that may come, the misunderstandings, the conflicting interpretations of interest, right, duty, and of the privilege (still imperfectly realized) of service to humanity.

Getting Away from the War

FROM time to time, reproaches or covert sneers are directed against those responsible for the publicity given to war news and the problems brought more prominently to men's attention by the world-conflict. Certain types of magazine readers resent the interest of editors and the greater part of the public in the stupendous tragedy that is being enacted, to the dishonoring of God and to the infamy of man, who has not learnt, or cared to learn, to understand his brothers. The novelty of realism has worn away; the facts of life are monotonous: let us return, the discontented exclaim, to lighter things, to ephemeralities, to the predigested pabulum that the anæmic consider nourishing.

It is a contemptible attitude. Those who have suffered per-

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sonal loss, through the death of relatives or friends, may well desire not to brood, not to have their affliction brought too constantly to remembrance. But for those whose interest is more impersonal, though it should not be less intense, it is good, it is essential, to keep as closely to the war as possible; to let its significance and its sadness sink in deeply; to watch and wonder and ponder and plan, so that each may be prepared to answer for his own conduct, for his own responsibility, now and in the days of reconstruction and readjustment that must come. To try to "get away from the war" is the aim of a coward, a shirker. Let us get closer to it; saturate ourselves with the whole atmosphere of crime, suffering, heroism, folly. Let no man say in his heart that he has no part in this, that it is his right to sleep soundly o' nights, with a truly neutral conscience and an untroubled heart. We are little indeed, if we are not big enough to take our part in this racking travail of humanity.

America in Europe

WHEN nations are fighting for their lives, they are not in the best position to form just opinions of their neighbors or to understand more clearly conditions that have seemed vague and perplexing even in times of peace and leisure. Irritation may creep in between countries closely allied in the general spirit and temperament of their people; unreasonable disappointment may find unreasonable expression; and without wise statesmanship, and utter fairness on the part of those who try to guide public opinion, estrangement may ensue. Unfortunately, there are always many well-meaning but excitable persons who do their best to create trouble, like the poet who, obviously ignorant of the most elementary conditions of American life and polity, has rushed into print with his ridiculous rebukes. Mr. Watson, with his "frozen word neutrality," represents ignorant insularity, as there are many in this country who represent ignorant provincialism. Such men have no right to speak publicly. Their judgments are dictated by their emotions; they do not understand the investigation of facts; their highest authority is a partisan press; and their most suitable employment would be to wear a muzzle.

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It is a relief to turn to the sane, informative utterances of those who take the trouble to leave the nursery before they address the world. An article by Mr. Barry Pain, for instance, will nullify the vaporings of a Watson, who should confine himself to his " bit them in the Bight " effusions, unless the Censor will redeem himself by discouraging the author of *The Purple East,* until less fateful times shall come.

Some of the remarks made recently by Mr. Pain are quoted here, to show the difference between idle recrimination and intelligent discussion.

" America breeds Americans. It also makes Americans. It takes men and women of other nationalities and makes them, or their children, or their grandchildren, into Americans. It runs the cosmopolitan material through the machine, and surely—though sometimes slowly—the American stamp is impressed upon it.

" Much of this cosmopolitan material is not yet completely manufactured, and some of it is hardly touched by the American impress. Often when one is told that such-and-such an American is pro-German, what is really meant is that a German, now resident in America, retains his national—and natural—feeling. An appeal to America, from either side, to take part in this war would be an appeal to her to quarrel with many of those who are, or will become, her children. This is not, perhaps, sufficiently recognized.

" The American, more than any other nationality with which I am acquainted, has a hunger for facts. It is not like the hunger of the scientific specialist. It is quite general. It embraces all that concerns or interests him. The American wants to know. If he is told the truth, he will believe it; if he is told something which is not true, he may possibly believe it; if he is told nothing, he becomes immediately and profoundly distrustful. Hence his hatred of diplomatic secrecy. The diplomatic preliminaries of this war have been given him by his foremost newspaper, *The New York Times*—which, by the way, published the French Yellow book six days before our own *Times.* The American may know the facts, and it is greatly to our interest that he should

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know them. If he does, extenuation and sophistries have no chance with him.

"There are many things that the American in the street wants to know about this war. Some, for instance, are doubtful about our Russian alliance; many more are doubtful about our Japanese alliance. They are not ill-disposed, but they would like to know. We need to export first-authority facts. Otherwise substitutes will be accepted, and some Americans will not remember that Mr. G. B. Shaw represents, solely and exclusively, Mr. G. B. Shaw, but will confuse him with Great Britain.

"But it is not desirable that we should export poetical appeals to America, telling her that she must either fight on our side or 'cast away her crown'—or some such delirious nonsense. America has good reason to be neutral. She has citizens of many nationalities, in whom their original nationality is not yet submerged, and these citizens have to live together in peace and friendship after the war is over. America is at present asking herself whether she is even competent for self-defence. Questions are being asked and pressed home as to the preparation of her navy and its supply of ammunition. Also, though a period of prosperity has been foretold and is possibly now beginning, America has been hit by the war. Of course, it is not in accord with her policy and traditions that she should take part in a European quarrel. Appeals of this kind are not justified by our national necessities, and are unfair to America.

"What we need is the good will of America. At present I believe we have the good will of a considerable majority of Americans. But Germany has made, and is still making, a well-organized effort to get that good will away from us. Its attempts have little success with the more educated and intelligent Americans, but elsewhere they seem to have gained ground."

More Money—or Less Muddling?

AT a luncheon at the Republican Club in New York, Mr. George von Lengerke Meyer, former Secretary of the Navy, said that nobody was opposed to a Government of ideals, but that practical common sense was needed to make a Government of ideals successful.

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This may be conceded.

Mr. Meyer went on to say: "In the last fifteen years, we have spent $500,000,000 more than Germany, yet she has a better navy. We have spent on navy yards twice as much as England and three times as much as Germany, and many of these have been or should be closed up, because they serve no good purpose."

This also may be conceded.

But what, precisely, is Mr. Meyer's argument? No one will quarrel with the general tenor of his speech, or deny his sincere desire to serve his country. His statement, however, would seem to show rather clearly that it is not more money that we require for armaments, but less muddling with the money already allocated. If during the past fifteen years we have spent on our navy $500,000,000 more than Germany, which has been making a special and prolonged effort to build up her sea power, will some one explain why we have not obtained proper value for the expenditure?

At the same gathering, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, said: "We are all peace men. Dr. David Starr Jordan, for example, believes in the brotherhood of man. So do I."

This is encouraging.

Mr. Roosevelt then explained, temperately, that the brotherhood of man needed, at present, to be reinforced by a strong navy; and he quoted some statistics: "We pay $140,000,000 a year for the navy and $100,000,000 for the army"—in addition to $300,000,000 for pensions.

This is not encouraging.

If for $240,000,000 a year (without considering pensions) we cannot build up an army and navy sufficient for all reasonable contingencies, why spend more money on further inadequacy?

There has evidently been blundering and incompetence, with divided counsels and doubtful responsibility. To provide what may be regarded as an effective police force is very different from entering the mad race of militarism: but the appropriations for that force need not be increased until the sums already appropriated are administered faithfully and efficiently.

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Against the Wall

A LITTLE while ago, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont gave a delightful account of the full, free life of some of the unemployed girls of New York.

"One girl told me how she was living. With three other girls she hired a little closet room in a tenement and paid twenty-five cents a week for it—a little more than five cents apiece. There they would sit at nights with their backs against the wall. She could get enough food to keep her alive here [in the soup kitchen]. They had no water, nothing to put over them; but it was better than the street. Now she has work where she gets a few dollars a week, and she has given up her corner in the room to a girl more needy than she. We urged one girl who got work at $3.50 a week to continue to come here, but she said she was afraid she would take the food from some one who needed it more than she . . ."

A picture that lingers pleasantly in the mind, serving as an antidote to pessimism. We have indeed cause for gratitude that the belligerent nations are spending fifty million dollars a day to increase destitution, poverty and despair throughout the world. Could such immense sums possibly be put to better use?

The Interest of the Country

THERE has been a tendency lately, an increasing tendency, to bring the word Interest into public discussions of American policy. One prominent New York journal has been especially noticeable in this respect, even asserting, in its editorials, that the only concern of the American Government and the American people is with American interests. If those interests, it is stated, can be served by any measure or measures whatsoever, then it does not matter one iota what may be the interests or the attitude of any or all of the rest of the world.

That is indeed a dangerous doctrine, unless the term Interest be carefully defined. It may be maintained, perhaps, that interest, or even self-interest, is not compatible with sheer selfishness or with neglect of the rights and interests of others: for any act of such selfishness or neglect would surely result in the loss

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of prestige, or of confidence, or of friendship, and so lead to conditions antagonistic to the interests and welfare of the country; and therefore the interest of a country must involve due consideration for the interests of other countries. But as the word is usually employed, it will certainly be taken by the average reader to mean selfish interest; and any encouragement given to the doctrine of mere selfish interest becomes a menace to the community, for it may bear fruit in ill-conceived and provocative policies, which, whether temporarily successful or not, will ultimately have to be paid for in full.

The interest of any nation which deserves independence and prosperity cannot be divorced from the interests of other nations. A Government is bound to devote its anxious attention to the highest welfare of its country; but it is not entitled, and should not be permitted, to violate or ignore the just claims of others. The theory of the survival of the most brutal may well be replaced by the doctrine of the survival of the fittest; and the fittest are those who can not only conduct their own national affairs and live their own national life rationally and efficiently, but can also refrain from violating in any degree the equal rights of all other communities. This is not a counsel of perfection, though there is no special ignominy in perfection. It is a counsel of common sense.

Sunday in New York

THERE is plenty of room in New York for several revivalists, and if Mr. Sunday should be persuaded to visit the city, he will, no doubt, reap a rich harvest. But it seems curious that the different churches cannot, by a combined and earnest effort, secure satisfactory results without Mr. Sunday's coöperation. The great revivalist must receive credit for his extraordinary achievements: but, none the less, his extraordinary methods need not be approved. At a time when Christianity must be searchingly probed, and the difference between the teachings of Christ and the time-serving adaptations of so many of his professed followers explained or expiated, the intrusion of Sundayism cannot be welcomed. The banalities are too conspicuous.

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It is not difficult to play upon the emotions of great crowds, and grotesque language and grotesque antics may result in many sudden conversions. But in what proportion of cases does the change permanently affect the lives of the penitents? Can the results of mere hectic emotionalism have enduring value? Blind faith in imperfectly understood dogmas will not help greatly toward the redemption of our generation from the stain that it has incurred. What we need is the thoughtful, reasoned, intense conviction that the shams of the past must not be tolerated any longer, in personal or in national life. Then we shall get away from the absurdity of so-called ministers of Christ asserting fatuously that war is inevitable, regenerative, inspiring. Such men should be drummed out of the churches that they disgrace, as self-convicted hypocrites. They, at least, might learn something from Mr. Sunday: for he is sincere and tries to be consistent. He has even admitted that the Almighty might possibly be able to save New York.

Machines

"THESE cases of the men who ask for shelter duplicate endlessly. They have their variation, but the destitution, the suffering, the eagerness to find employment, are alike in all."—*Daily Paper.*

Many of these men owe their misery directly to the great, regenerative, glorious war which, if the claims of the different nations be balanced, nobody started, but everybody is continuing in self-defence.

Think of the German army machine, the British naval machine. Some day, perhaps, we shall have an American peace machine, which will so organize the millions of the industrial army that starvation and destitution will not be monotonous incidents in every city in every winter.

"Our Mutual Friend"

FEW things are less interesting to the average man or woman than impartiality. Partisanship, with all the mental and physical activity that it promotes, is almost an appetite. It is not difficult

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to love those who hate what we hate, and all whom we hate: it is excessively difficult to love those who love—or refrain from hating—our enemies.

It is therefore quite natural that some well-meaning, but not well-balanced, publicists in the Old World are regarding the New World with feelings that cannot be expressed politely, and are therefore expressed impolitely. At the beginning of the great struggle, the United States was regarded with kindly feelings: for the irresponsible in both camps hoped to secure her sympathy, and ultimately her coöperation, open or disguised. But the neutrality which she has consistently preserved, as a nation, has had the inevitable effect of pleasing few and irritating many. The possibilities of the future, the absolute necessity that one strong nation should remain aloof, officially, though not in the different preferences of its individual inhabitants, cannot now influence sufficiently those who have been overwrought by the tragic developments of the situation. If Paul be paid fairly, Peter considers himself robbed. If Peter be temporarily placated, Paul is decidedly discontented, and wishes the world to know it. And so the one-time Mutual Friend—and most necessary connecting link—receives the usual reward of the non-combatant.

America is not yet understood by Europe as a whole. She has many faults, but she is not entirely immune from virtues. To those who still identify the United States with the sheerest materialism, the spirit that is now actuating her, as a nation, will not be readily comprehensible. Yet it may well be that the future of the world, flung into the crucible of war, may ultimately depend upon our ability to take, untrammelled, the initiative in the steps which must lead to permanent peace and a sane reorganization of the world.

Threats

"You have sown the storm; you shall reap the whirlwind. You have refused to listen to our reasoning. You were deaf to our pleas. Now we shall teach you a lesson. We shall go into the arena of politics . . . You have ridiculed the hyphen. We shall make it a virtue . . ."

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Such utterances as this are deplorable. Apparently, the author is angry because the vast majority of the American public does not accept his view of the main issues of the European war. He is not annoyed because the people have taken sides in the controversy, but because they have not taken the side that he so strenuously advocates. He therefore threatens them with dire penalties, and in some mysterious way the reaping of a whirlwind is to transform a hyphen into a virtue.

It is the right of everyone living in America to form his own opinion and to express his own views, subject to a reasonable regard for the spirit, if not for the letter, of the President's neutrality proclamation. For those who find that their sympathies are overmasteringly dictated by ties of birth, or special associations with one of the countries involved in the struggle, there should be full consideration. No one will blame the German or other elements in our complex population for reading some of the events of the past few months in the light, or darkness, of previous prejudices. But it should be the duty of all reasonable men of the world, whose appreciation of national obligations has been broadened by American contacts with cosmopolitanism, to minimize, not to accentuate, natural differences. The threat to carry into purely American affairs the resentment based upon the unhappy European struggle, is utterly wrong and indefensible, and can lead only to regrettable bitterness.

Fixing the Responsibility

"CIVILIZATION and freedom have nothing to do with the issues at stake now. It is a war for conquest and supremacy, stirred up by the hateful passions in human nature, fully as much as any war that has ever been waged before. But we did not stir it up. We are fighting for our existence: right and justice are on our side."—*Austria-Hungary and the War: issued by the Austro-Hungarian Consulate-General, New York.*

"The War broke out because . . . owing to preconcerted arrangements, the situation in Europe was such that *the action*

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*of one great Power was bound to bring all, or nearly all, the others into the field . . . We were fully aware of the danger which threatened us from Russia when we formulated our demands in Belgrade.** Russia's population is three times as large as ours, and it was not with a light heart that our Emperor-King took his final resolution."—*Austria-Hungary and the War.*

Austria-Hungary evidently realized perfectly clearly that the "final resolution" of the Emperor-King involved a European conflagration, since, in her own words, "the action of one great Power was bound to bring all, or nearly all, the others into the field." It should be remembered that "the demands formulated in Belgrade" fixed a time-limit of two days for absolute compliance. M. Sazonof, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, telegraphed to the Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna:

"The communication made by Austria-Hungary to the Powers the day after the presentation of the ultimatum at Belgrade leaves a period to the Powers which is quite insufficient to enable them to take any steps to smooth away the difficulties that have arisen.

"In order *to prevent the consequences, equally incalculable and fatal to all the Powers,*† which may result from the course of action followed by the Austro-Hungarian Government, it seems to be above all essential that the period allowed for the Serbian reply should be extended. Austria-Hungary, having declared her readiness to inform the Powers of the results of the inquiry upon which the Imperial and Royal Government base their accusations, should equally allow them sufficient time to study them.

"In this case, if the Powers were convinced that certain of the Austrian demands were well-founded, they would be in a position to offer advice to the Serbian Government."

Why Not?

"A HORSE isn't good for much more than a month under present war conditions, and the armies have to keep the supplies

* The Italics are mine.—EDITOR.
† The Italics are still mine.—EDITOR.

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hurrying in to take the places of the dead and disabled."—*Daily Paper.*

No doubt Providence is with them.

Carrion and Carnage

NOT long ago, a prominent Hindu made a remarkable statement. He declared that in his opinion the transformation of Europe into a slaughter-house is, primarily and essentially, a direct consequence of the fact that women and men, and children (when not too immature), consider the carcasses of dead animals an indispensable item of diet.

Abruptly, impulsively, the average—and therefore averagely stupid—individual might dismiss this assertion with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. But shrugging the shoulders does not help or harm the universe noticeably, unless the shoulders shrugged are Napoleonic or supra-Napoleonic. The chief point at issue in any argument is, or should be, whether the major premise, the minor premise, and the conclusion, are, individually and collectively, sustainable. Mere prejudices, acquired in infancy and consolidated afterwards, are not pertinent.

But how can the eating of carcasses—of pig, or cow, or cow's baby, or lamb (it is inconceivable that any mother can eat lamb), affect shrapnel, or machine guns, or the intricate negotiations of diplomatists and the unleashing of all the hounds, with the subsequent horrors, of war?

It is a matter merely of barbarism. In the first place, although the universe appears to be conducted upon the general principles of destructive enmities and the survival of those who can manage to escape extinction, the human race has been supposed, politely, to have special characteristics of unbestiality, intellectuality, spirituality. The consumption of cereals, vegetables, nuts and so forth, it is argued, will not interfere materially with these virtues. But the habit, persisted in through centuries, of slaughtering in cold blood domesticated and other animals, results in a psychological depreciation of humane values. Meat has a definite poisonous effect, it is alleged, upon the organisms of fathers, mothers, and all infantile or adult members of

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a family. Toxins are taken into the system; the horror and anguish of the slaughter-houses find a new setting, and incalculable sequels, in the veins and nerves of the carnivorous. In the second place, there is another psychological depreciation of humane values. Through custom and callousness, the most delicately nurtured of the lords (and ladies) of creation can regard without compunction the public exhibition of slaughtered individuals which do not happen to belong to the human or canine species, and can tolerate, practically without protest, the abominable deviltry of most of the killing establishments, where creatures of keen sensibilities are treated as mere material for business products, without even the elementary, and most obvious and essential, right to be stunned before scalded, skinned and cut up—on a time schedule which frequently results in an overlapping of the operations. The effects, it is suggested, of this tolerance, by reputedly human beings, of inhuman practices can be traced in conduct, habit of mind and tendency to action. Those who can ignore the atrocities of the packing-houses can readily condone the savagery of civilized and Christian warfare.

It is an interesting viewpoint, which the human race may be trusted to ignore for a long time to come.

Public Opinion

"The fundamental reason and feeling of the world is against war, against this war in particular, which mocks civilization."—*William Marion Reedy.*

"War is a systematic attempt to make the innocent suffer . . . It is from the realization of this, the clear knowledge that war actually knows no right and wrong, no mercy or real chivalry, that the people of every nation will at last rise up and declare that the horrible monstrosity must cease."—*The Bellman.*

"It is the hour and the day for President Wilson to take the first step towards international federation. He has it in his hands to make his Administration a momentous event in planetary history—a thing not for historians, indeed, but for biologists, to tell of, because the elimination of war will profoundly alter

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the character of evolution . . . Is he capable of a man's prayer, a great act of resolution?"—*Max Eastman.*

"There are many hundreds of refugees in Oxford . . . The great room in the examination schools is now a hospital ward. At the very spot where, a few years back, I sat listening to William James when he lectured here, I sat the other day talking to a wounded Cameron Highlander. A shrapnel bullet entering from above had knocked out his left eye and smashed his upper jaw."—*The Nation.*

"It seems to me that educational institutions should stand firmly for the training that will tend to produce universal peace."—*Robert J. Aley, President of the University of Maine.*

"The desire that this shall be the last war and that at the end of it European peace shall be established on the permanently stable foundations of freedom and nationality is almost as general as the desire for victory itself."—*The New Statesman.*

"So, even as those others of the nations have given and are giving their lives during the war for ideals, we, seeing in their gifts the redemption even of war, must be prepared to give our lives for our ideals when peace is with us; nor should our ideals, however diverse they may be in form and in expression, make for anything except the reshaping to its ultimate height of the thought that must govern and redeem life, international as well as national, throughout the world."—*The Athenæum.*

"A defensive war is the only war for which we should be prepared, and which alone should be considered among the possibilities."—*S. B. McCormick, Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh.*

"We should pay a very high price for our 'preparedness' if by agitation at the present moment we should lose the confidence of Europe in our sincerity and disinterestedness, and with it the weight of our influence in making sure that the terms of the coming peace do not, as so often in the past, contain the seeds for new suspicions, hatreds, defensive preparations, and ultimate wars."—*F. S. Keppel, Dean of Columbia University.*

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There is no such thing as a helpless woman — unless she is a cripple.

Josephine Daskam Bacon, in her new serial, "Open Market," beginning in Collier's for April 10th, proves it. Her heroine is a girl who had no trade, profession or occupation, but she had will, character and determination. She was able to accomplish miracles.

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H. M. Aubrey was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1860. He is now an attorney in San Antonio, Texas.

Georgiana Goddard King was born in West Virginia. After graduating from Bryn Mawr College, she lived abroad and in New York, until she returned to Bryn Mawr, where she is now Lecturer in Modern Art. She is the author of several books, including *The Day of Perfect Love.*

Ethel Douglas Hume, of the Irish branch of the Scotch Border family of Hume or Home, was born and lived as a child in the island of Ceylon. She was afterwards educated in Germany, Brussels, London and Italy. She has subsequently lived in the British Isles, Canada, China, Japan, the Malay Peninsula, Ceylon and India, and has also travelled on the Continent of Europe. She was in China among the allied troops at the time of the Boxer troubles. Of late years she has taken part in the Humanitarian Movement in London, and lectured and debated on humane and controversial subjects. Her books *The Globular Jottings of Griselda* (light travel) and *The Multiplicities of Una* (travel novel) have been published by Messrs. William Bl wood. She has contributed some short stories to London magazin and varied articles to various publications.

Dorothy Landers Beall is the author of two books of poems—*Poems,* and *The Bridge and Other Poems.* She was born in Washington, D.C., and is now married and living in Africa.

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THE APRIL FORUM

Bruce F. Cummings was born at Barnstaple, Devon, England, twenty-four years ago. After leaving school, he served as a newspaper reporter for some time. Always interested in natural history and then in zoölogy and biological science, he was appointed in 1911 to the post of assistant in the Zoölogical Department of the British Museum of Natural History. He has contributed to *The Academy* and other English journals.

Van Wyck Brooks is a graduate of Harvard. He is the author of *The Wine of the Puritans, John Addington Symonds,* and *The World of H. G. Wells.*

William MacDonald, who resides in Harrow, England, is best known by an edition of Charles Lamb's works, in 12 volumes. He was in childhood thrown by family misfortune amongst strangers, and then, in boyhood, was relegated by spinal trouble to a mattress-grave, as it seemed. He emerged from that, however, and has since gone about the world—"with difficulty." He passed through Edinburgh University, and then commenced his journalistic career. He worked for *The National Observer* under Henley and his successors; and ever since has been engaged chiefly in literary criticism. He has edited Burns, and separate works of Balzac, Thackeray and Bret Harte, each with critical monographs. In recent years he has given special attention to American history and is now engaged on what he considers his *magnum opus,* a study of Franklin, whose *Autobiography* he edited some years ago.

Elizabeth Frazer is a Californian. She has been living in New York for the last four years, writing short stories and articles for the magazines.

Louise Townsend Nicholl was born in Scotch Plains, New Jersey, where she continues to make her home. She is on the staff of *The New York Evening Post,* and contributes occasionally to other periodicals. When the war broke out, she was in Paris, and her graphic account of how she got home alone and with no money was syndicated and printed in many papers here.

Robert Garland was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1888. After leaving college he spent a year in Europe. Returning to Baltimore, he joined the staff of *The Evening Sun,* doing dramatic and literary criticism. He has contributed articles, poems and stories to various magazines. His first play—*Making a Play*—was produced by Mr. Arthur Hopkins in New York in the autumn of 1913, with Mrs. Louis James in the leading rôle, and was presented throughout America during the season of 1913-1914. He has been living in Sicily and Italy for the past two years, but has now returned to this country. *The Double Miracle* has been translated into the Sicilian dialect for the use of Grasso and his famous Sicilian players, and is to be produced in Catania, Sicily, in the spring.

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Books published by Mitchell Kennerley

BARKER (H. GRANVILLE)

ANATOL. *Paraphrased for the English Stage from the German of* ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. *$1.00 net.*

"If Ibsen could be imagined as collaborating with Anthony Hope on 'The Dolly Dialogues,' possibly the result might have in some way resembled *'Anatol'*. Schnitzler is the foremost Viennese dramatist, and his work, while ultra-modern, is free from much that would condemn other present Continental productions in the eyes of the more reserved Anglo-Saxons. Of Mr. Granville Barker's translation—or paraphrase, as he prefers to call it—it may be said that it is so successful one wonders if the original German really could have possessed such lightness and wit."—*New York Times.*

THE MADRAS HOUSE. *A Comedy in Four Acts. $1.00 net.*

This brilliant and original modern drama—part biting satire, part fancy, wholly realistic and significant—is now for the first time accessible in an American edition. The play takes its name from a mercantile concern devoted to women's apparel of all sorts, but the questions treated of are those problems that arise in the homes and families of the proprietors, though added to by questions of policy in the management of the business.

THREE PLAYS: *The Marrying of Ann Leete, The Voysey Inheritance, Waste. $1.50 net.*

The first of these plays has an eighteenth century setting, and tells the story of a girl brought up to marry wholly for money, who finally, instead, weds the gardener on her father's place, less for love than in revulsion from her training and her carefully fostered convictions. "The Voysey Inheritance" is a masterly depiction of the bickerings and difficulties of a large, typically British family, and has been compared in treatment to Sir Arthur Pinero's "Thunderbolt." "Waste" is the play that caused comment a few years ago as having been prohibited in England by the censor. It tells of the entanglement of a promising statesman with a married woman, and of his political ruin and suicide—a useless sacrifice to convention.

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